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REVENGE.

The fairest action of our human life,
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart doth to him tie:
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find
To yield to worth, it must be nobly done;
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honor won.
Who would a worthless courage overthrow,
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield;
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor;
Great hearts are lashed beyond their power but seld;
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,
High heartedness doth sometime teach to bow.

A nobler heart doth teach a virtuous scorn;
To scorn to owe a duty over long;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne;
To scorn to lie; to scorn to do a wrong:
To scorn to bear an injury in mind;
To scorn a free born heart, slave like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs redress must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind;
Do we his body from our vengeance save,
And let our hate prevail against his mind.
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be
Than make his foe more worthy far than he

Her Love or her Life.

The road that led from the small railway station to the business part of the pleasant town wound for nearly a mile along the banks of a picturesque stream, across a wooden bridge, and up a broad avenue flanked by handsome villas.

Just across that bridge, at the close of a dark, sunless day, I stopped before the tall gate of a plain black iron fence, and scrutinized interestedly the grounds and house within the rather grim enclosure. The place attracted me irresistably, although the building was decidedly not a miracle of architectural art, nor were the great shivering pines behind it suggestive of anything particularly cheery. The low polygonal structure was of brick, red as jasper, heavy crimson curtains shaded the quaint windows, and the only door visible was broad and solid, and paneled in curiously carved oak, black with age. Weeping willows and mountain ashes bordered the wide grassy walk, and the scent of hidden violets filled the air.

Back under the pines I saw a tall, melancholy figure moving to and fro, his dark, handsome head bowed, and his white, shapely hands looked behind him. The clash of the iron latch startled him; he looked up, smiled, and at once hurried towards me.

"You have come," he observed laconically, but affably. "How do you like the place?"

"I can scarcely decide that as yet," I returned smiling at his eagerness; "but it looks to me something like the nest of a wild bird who by mistake builded in a garden of roses. It is very unlike the gay, modern mansion on the other side of the avenue."

"I hope you do not regret having bought it, Philip?" he commenced uneasily.

"Not at all, Horace," I assured him promptly; "my business keeps me in this town at least seven months of each year, and I am heartily tired of the noisy hotel over yonder. I like the quiet of a retired home, and I shall employ a housekeeper and make a bachelor Paradise of the house you are leaving."

"I have some fine old wine you must taste before you go," he remarked as, after conducting me through the open door and spacious hall, he led me into a large, dim room.

"Thanks for the wine, if it will help expedite our slight task of business," I said lightly; "I must catch the next train, you know."

He acknowledged my hint with a smile, and left me alone.

I drew back the crimson curtains of a broad west window, and gazed curiously about the apartment. The ceiling was delicately frescoed, and the walls exquisitely painted in some pale-pink tint. The velvet carpet was like a vast bed of moss scsttered over with dainty red rosebuds. A table of rosewood and marble stood in the centre of the room, and as I sat down beside it a golden beam from the setting sun flashed through the parted curtains of the window and lighted a large picture on the wall before me. It was the life-size painting of a woman—a young creature whose form was all queenliness and grace, whose yellow hair was wound in great snaky coils about a haughty but must lovely head, whose laughing, mocking lips were as red as rubies, whose skin was as daintly white as the leaf of a lily, whose eyes and brows and lashes were dark as night. She wore some old Venetian costume of purple velvet, draped with cloudly lace and sown with moony pearls. With a shudder I turned away from that pictured vision of wicked, smiling beauty.

"It is the portrait of Horace Chichester's renegade wife," I thought.

I knew very little about the domestic sorrow of my friend. I knew that he had married one whom he had loved passionately, that she had deserted him, and his trouble had made him a misanthrope and a wanderer; but I knew nothing more. Although we had been confidential associates in our college days, we had been for several years almost strangers, and now I did not care to question bim of a trouble that he evidently did not wish to discuss. But I had no kindness or mercy for the wife who, I believed, had made him the wreck he had become, and whom I had never seen.

That day he spoke to me of her for the first time. We had finished our business and our wine, and he had accompanied me to the gate through the gathering dusk of the Spring evening.

"I shall travel," he said. "I intend to find my wife wherever she has hidden from me. I sinned to win her, and if I cannot have her love I shall have her life."

I could not bear to look upon his agonized countenance expressive of misery akin to madness, and as I turned my eyes away, a line of cabs came rattling down the slope. From the window of one nearest, a beautiful young face shown for a moment like a star through the twilight. I saw the jaunty hat with its sweeping white feather, the dazzling blue eyes, and then the cab rolled on.

"A traveling operatic troupe," explained my companion, observing, but not rightly understanding my evident sudden interest. "It is billed for a concert at the Academy to-night.

"And I have lost my train and must wait for the next," I answered rather irritably. "Good night, Chichester. I shall take the weird old road around the cemetry to the station. It will be a glorious walk in this unexpected moonlight."

The full, unclouded moon was rising as I loitered on, now around a curve where the stream widened like a sheet of silver, and now under a dim arch of budding trees that shook their scented dews upon me as I passed.

As I reached the bridge, a tall, slender woman, wrapped in a black cloak, hurried out of the avenue As she saw me, she uttered a sharp, startled cry, and shrank as if in fright. At the same moment her hood fell back, and in the splendor of the moonlight I saw the white face of the stranger, who had passed me an hour before. She was trembling nervously, and seemed so helpless and bewildered, that I stopped instantly.

"I am sorry I startled you," I apologized kindly; and then noting her doubtful, critical glance, I supplemented: "Or perhaps you have lost your way?"

"Not at all," she disavowed quickly; "I am going to the station. When I saw you I thought—"

She paused, glanced backward apprehensively and shuddered.

"Can I help you in any way?" I asked, puzzled.

"I think not." She smiled as if my voice had calmed her, "I only wish to catch the train, that I may meet the New York express at the next station."

"Are you not afraid of the long walk along the river?" I inquired wonderingly.

"Yes," she answered, frankly, "I am. But nevertheless I must go. I was to sing in the concert to-night," she went on nurriedly; "but there are reasons, imperative reasons, why I must go to New York at once. The manager was angry—quite furious, indeed—so, to avoid a scene, I quietly ran away."

She said this with such charming *naivete* that I laughed, and that laugh made us friends then and there. She seemed innocently pleased when I informed her that I, too, was on my way to New York, and should be glad to care for her comfort on the journey. But not until we were whirling away through the moonlight on the midnight express did the shadows vanish altogether from her most beauteous face. But that wild rush through the delicious air seemed to inspire her, and often she would laugh like a happy child. I parted from her at last at the house of an elderly lady with whom she resided when not traveling.

"You have been very good to me," she said, as I was leaving her.

"Have I commended myself to your friendship?" I queried.

Her answer was satisfactory, and for weeks I saw her every day. I knew she loved me, and I knew, too, that I had loved her from the first. But always when I spoke of marriage she seemed troubled and undecided.

"We are just as happy now as we can be, Phillip," she would say sweetly.

"No, we are not, Edith," I would protest; I want you for my wife, and I mean to have you."

But at length she yielded, and we were quietly married. I was very proud of my wife—proud of the admiration that followed her everywhere—of the honor and reverence she won from all who knew her. She was a being made for love and for a husband to adore. No ignoble human passion or emotion ever disturbed her sweet soul; anger and hate and all petty feelings were things her nature could not know.

After three months of content and happiness, I took Edith to my home, in the town where I first met her. It was early in May. The scent of wild violets was in the air, the trees were budding and the grassy hills were golden with dandelions. My grim old house, set among its pines and weeping willows pleased her.

"I shall have that picture taken down," I said to her one day. "I cannot bear to have even the portrait of poor Chichester's wicked wife in the same house with you, Edith."

"Chichester!" she repeated, her blue eyes fixed on my face with a look I could not understand.

"Yes, dear," I resumed. "Horace fitted up this place for that woman before she deserted him and ruined him—body, brain and soul, I fear."

"But that is not the picture of the girl who was his bride, but never his wife," averred Edith, who had grown strangely pale.

I looked at her in mute wonder.

"I know the whole sad, shameful story," pursued my wife steadily. "Horace Chichester conceived a mad passion for a girl who had not the slightest feeling of friendship for him. He came to her one night with a pitiful, false tale of her father's dishonor. 'Marry me now, this hour, and I shall save your parent from a felon's fate. Refuse me, and he will be in prison before another day,' said her cruel suitor. She was scarcely more than a child, and she believed him, and in her terror consented. An hour after her marriage her father was brought home dying, and his last words were a protest against Horace Chichester's disgraceful act and unwarrantable accusation. She believed her vows to be no longer binding, and refused to see or speak to her husband over again. Though he never held her in his arms or kissed her lips, though she has steadfastly resisted his claims, he has pursued and hunted her to——"

"To death!" thundered an awful voice at the open door.

For one moment I stood motionless before that savage apparition, and then I flung my arms around my poor Edith. But I was too late. There was a sharp report, a smoking pistol was dashed down at my feet, and, with a wild shriek, the crazed Chichester rushed out of the house, through the moaning pines, on towards the river.

Edith locked her sweet arms around my neck.

"He has killed me, Philip," she sighed faintly, and with her lips against my cheek she died.

That was the end. My love-life was over forever.

I understood now why my poor girl had so abruptly left the operatic troupe that night I first saw her—she had seen Chichester as she drove past the gate where we were standing together, and it was from him she was fleeing. The picture in the dim old parlor was an ideal piece, and was in the house when he bought it.

Chichester's body was found in a shallow of the stream, with the white water-lillies drifting over his upturned face.

It was well for me that he was found thus, for I know not what rash thing I might have done in the first agonies of my grief, with poor Edith's young life calling upon my love for vengeance.

Read This, Girls.

Learn to darn stockings neatly, and then always see that your own are in order. Do not let a button be off your shoes a minute longer than needful. It takes just about a minute to sew one on, and oh, how much better a foot looks in a trimly button boot than it does in a lopsided affair with all the buttons off. Every girl should learn to make simple articles of clothing. We know a little Miss of seven who could do all this, and an idiot to boot!" the whole of a blue calico dress for herself, and pieced a large bed quilt. She was not an over-taxed child, either, but a merry, romping, indulged, only daughter. But she was "smart," and she did not die young, either. Indeed we have seldom known children "too smart to live." Very few die of that complaint, whatever their grandmothers may think. So never be afraid a bit of overdoing the business. Help all you can and study over the business daily. Once get into the habit of looking over your things, and you will like it wonderfully. You will have the independent feeling that you need not wait for any one's convenience in repairing and making, but that you can be beforehand with all such matters. The relief to your weary mother will be more than you can ever estimate.

Strong Tea

General John Beatty, on one occasion when on a long march regaled himself with what he supposed to be tea, but was in reality, tobacco juice, and had been concocted from a paper of chewing tobacco which the General had handed to the servant by mistake. The General thought once or twice that the "tea" seemed slightly impregnated with flavor of tobacco, but attributed it to the fact that he had been smoking more than usual for some time before, and that the tobacco taste was therefore not in the liquid but in his mouth. When the General returned from his march, he happened to mention to his servant that the tea tasted like tobacco juice, and was astounded at receiving the reply, "it is terbacker juice, sir!" "Why, you must be an infernal fool, John," said the somewhat horrified General, "to give me tobacco juice to drink!" "Can't help that, sir; you gave me paper o' terbacker and tole me to make tea of it. Did jest as you tole me sir." The reasoning was conclusive, and the General was obliged to content himself with pouring the rest of the "tea" out of his canteen.

Something That's Foolish.

To think the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he becomes.

To conclude that if exercise is good, the more violent it is, the more good is done.

To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained,

To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better, is good for the system, without regard to ulterior effects.

To eat witbout an appetite, or to continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste.

To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and a weary waking in the morning.

What His Wife Wanted.

At the farmhouse gate the other morning, Mrs. Whitehall said to Joseph as he was ready to drive into town:

"Remember, now, what I told you. I want a spool of thread, No. 60, ten yards of calico with a dot in it, and a yard and a half of brown drilling to line the waist."

Joseph drove into the city as straight as a bee line and as happy as an old giraffe when the circus is out. He sold his butter and eggs, was on his way to a dry goods store when he met a man who once came very near marrying his sister. This was reason enough why they should drink together, and they drank. When a man meets a fellow who might have been his brother-in-law if a mule hadn't kicked the prospective bride across the dark river, he can't tell when to stop drinking. Farmer Whitehall couldn't remember whether he imbibed seven or seventeen glasses, but the result was the same. When he finally got ready to do his trading he entered a store and said:

"Shir, I want shixty spools of dots wiz a waist in 'em!"

That was as plain as he could make it in any of the half dozen stores he entered, and by and by he suddenly discovered that he wasn't in the right mood for trading. He found another saloon and more beer, and it was evening when he entered a jewelry store and said:

"Shir, I want a yardan' a half of dots wiz shixty in 'em!"

He was turned out, and late in the evening he fell down on the street, too tired to go further. As the officer raised him up he murmured:

"Shir, I want ten yard drillin' to line 'er shpool thread wiz."

He was quite sober when walked out for trial, and, moreover, a little anxious to know what had become of all his vest buttons and one coat-tail.

"Do you feel better?" kindly asked his honor, as he looked down at the prisoner.

"No, sir—I feel worse," was the answer.

"Nice time you had rolling round in the street last night."

"Squar'" began the man, as he faced around, "this is the fust time I ever made a fool o' myself with both eyes open! I've got 'leven dollars down here in my vest, and you kin take it all if you'll let me go. I'll bet a cucumber the ole woman didn't sleep a wink last night, and she'll put one o' the boys on a hoss and send him up the road after me this mornin."

"Then you plead guilty, and an idiot to boot!"

"Do you want to dust right out for home?"

"Do I? Why I can't hardly stand still. I want to meet the boy as fur out as I kin, and I'll tell him I got upsot."

"Can you remember what your wife told you to get?"

"I kin. She wanted sixty yards of waist lining, a yard and a half of dots, and ten spools of calico, and I'll get 'em as I go out."

"Well, you may go."

"Thankee! Whar's my hat—goodbye."

Woman's Escape from Wolves.

In the year 1849 died in the town of Greene, Me., an old man named Thomas, who had a thrilling wolf story of his own to tell, though the experience was too early for his memory, he being at the time a baby in arms. Mr. George J. Verney relates the adventure in the Lewistown *Journal*. Mrs. Thomas was a fisherman's wife who lived in the town of Brunswick, Me., where Bowdoin College now stands. At one time when her husband was in port, but could not come home, she started on foot to Harpswell, a distance of ten miles, to see him, carrying her youngest child in her arms. Returning with a load of fish on her back as well as the burden of her babe, she heard a wolf howl in the forest, and teror quickened her pace, although she was already fain to sink with fatigue.

She was midway of the five miles of unbroken woods when the howl of the wolf again smote her ear, and this time other voices, one after another, joined in. The pack had gathered on her trail!

She must climb a tree, one would say; but she did not. She did not even throw away her fish.

The wolves gained upon her moment by moment, the great gray wolves of the North, that stand as high as a man when they rear. It was a mile and a half to the nearest house when she first caught a glimpse of the approach of the demons.

She had for the last two miles walked at her utmost speed: it was now time to run. Yet still held firmly her babe and her fish.

A quarter of a mile more, and swiftly as she had passed it, the wolves were within a few yards. She could see their white teeth and hear their laboring breath above her own. She loosened and threw down a single fish, and ran. The pack discovered rare game, and fought together for its possession.

By the time it was eaten the brave woman had got a quarter of a mile in advance; but the pack were soon at her heels again. Another fish checked them and their snarls and yells, as they again fought each other for a bite of the savory fresh codfish, hurried the laborious flight of the weary woman.

Her baby, annoyed by the shaking it had received from the rapid pace, at length cried lustily, calling the wolves to renewed pursuit. In vain the poor mother tried to soothe her infant, but another fish was followed by a fresh flight and precious delay of the pack.

Again and again the action was repeated, until at length the barking of two huge dogs alarmed the wolves, while the almost exhausted mother ran past the friendly brutes to the door of the farmhouse, thrown open to receive her.

The great dogs are trained to their duty, and no sooner was the fugitive in the house than they also retired in good order to the same safe stronghold, leaving the foiled wolves to rage outside, and fall before the guns that were speedily brought to bear upon them.

The weary mother found safety and rest, but whether she saved any of her fish tradition does not relate.

The Locust.

The Hebrews had several sorts of ocusts which are not known to us. The old historians and modern travelers remark that locusts are very numerous in Africa, and in many places of Asia—that sometimes they fall like a cloud upon the country, and eat up everything they meet with. Moses describes four sorts of locusts. Since there was a prohibition against using locusts, it is not to be questioned that these insects were commonly eaten in Palestine and the neighboring countries. Dr. Shaw, Niebuhr, Russell and many other travelers in the eastern countries, represent their taste as agreeable, and inform us that they are frequently used for food. Dr. Shaw observes that when they are sprinkled with salt, and fried, they are not unlike, in taste, to our fresh-water crayfish. Russell says the Arabs salt them and eat them as a delicacy. Niebuhr also says that they are gathered by the Arabs in great abundance, dried, and kept for winter provisions. The ravages of the migratory locust have been at particular times, so extensive as to lay waste the vegetation of whole districts, and even kingdoms. In the year 593 of the Christian era, these insects appeared in such vast numbers as to cause a famine in many countries. Syria and Mesopotamia were overrun by them in 537. In 852 immense swarms took their flight from the eastern regions into the west, and destroyed all vegetables not even sparing the bark of the trees nor the thatch of houses, after devouring the crops of corn, grass, &c. Their daily marches were observed to be always at [illegible] each; and it is said that their progress was directed with so much order that there were regular leaders among them who flew first and settled on the spot which was to be visited at the same hour next day by the whole legion. Their marches were always undertaken at sunrise. In 1141, incredible hosts afflicted Poland, Wallachia, and all the anjoining territories, darkening the sun with their numbers, and ravaging all the fruits of the earth. The years 1747 and 1748, afforded a memorable instance of the ravages of these insects in Germany and other parts of Europe as far north as England.

Antwerp from a Church Spire.

After wandering through the cathedral and its chapels we ascended the spire to have a view of the city. Five hundred and fourteen stone steps lead to the top, and the view repays the climbing. You look down on the narrow winding streets and the houses with their small courts, the people look like children. the parks and gardens stretch out as far as you can see to the blue sea-like horizon of Flanders and Holland. The Scheldt looks yellow and silent, the vessels asleep on its breast, the spires of the churches rise up below you, the old houses by the quay lean down to the water and the guide shows the house of Charles the Fifth, the old Spanish houses and the tower near the water of the days of the Inquisition—and no one knows how old it is—and the bells and chimes are all ringing for the Fete Dieu, and you go down to find the crowds in holiday attire, pouring from house and church. The houses are hung with garlands of paper roses and lighted candles and images of the Madonna and saints. Old women with long cloaks and broad flapping lace caps count their beads as they stand waiting with candles in their hands, and through the streets where the procession passes they are sprinkling white sand, and over that daisies and green leaves. The crowds line the narrow sidewalks, the police clear the streets, not a horse or wagon to be seen, and amid the chiming of a thousand bells the procession leaves the cathedral and comes slowly down the streets. A band plays a solemn grand march, a chorus of male voices follow, then come the officials and dignitaries of the city in black suits, bared heads, white gloves and carrying huge lighted candles; then the altar boys in scarlet and white swinging incense, a procession of priests in full robes, bearing banners and crucifixes, and then a golden canopy upheld by four priests and under it the archbishop carrying the host, children dressed in white throw flowers before it and the people all kneel as it passes.

Wonderful Tenacity of Life.

Thirty-three years ago, an Egyptian desert snail was received at the British Museum. The animal was known to be alive, as it had withdrawn into its shell, and the specimen was accordingly gummed, mouth downward, on to a tablet, duly labeled and dated, and left to its fate. Instead of starving, this contented gastropod simply went to sleep, in a quiet way, and never woke up again for four years. The tablet was then placed in tepid water, and the shell loosened, when the dormant snail suddenly resuscitated himself, began walking about the basin, and finally sat for his portrait. Now, during these four years, the snail had never eaten a mouthful of any food, yet he was quite as well and flourishing at the end of the period as he had been at its beginning.

Jack Finehart.

Jack Finehart had a noted name in Texas, in Arizona, in Kansas, in New Mexico; not a gambler from Texas to the Black Hills but respected the name. An expert gambler, an unerring shot, unequaled as a companion on a spree, he was, nevertheless, scrupulously honest, tender-hearted, sensitive and easily provoked to tears. He had one love affair, and it was the romance in his life. I don't know the history of it. Nobody does but Jack, and he was not communicative about it. It seems that his brother was equally involved about the girl, and, after much bitter feeling and exchanges had been indulged in between them respecting the lady, they came to an understanding thoroughly typical of the hard, uncompromising nature of western quarrels The understanding was to the effect that the men pledged themselves never again to speak to the girl, the penalty for an infraction of this rule being that one brother should kill the other. This was the compact. To any one familiar with the history of the West there is nothing strange, unnatural or startling about it. The brothers separated, and each went his way. This was some years ago. This summer Jack sought out his brother, and found him in Denver. He told him briefly that he had broken his oath, and that he wanted the compact kept. There was nothing about Jack's demeanor that indicated fear. He was melancholy and quiet. This indeed was his habitual manner. He was firm in his determination to die by his brother's hand. The witness of the compact was in Denver. He was found by Jack, and the fact was narrated to him. He offered remonstrance, of course; Jack was as firm as iron. His influence over the witness, and the desire of the latter to see it out and put in as many obstacles as possible induced him to accompany his friend. The brother was waiting, and they walked out on the Platte river bank. It was late in the afternoon. The sun was making countless beautiful shapes and colors over the mountains. The air was cool and dry, and the earth looked very fresh and green. It was a singularly inviting aspect, and the world never appeared more tempting as a place of residence. The men spoke not a word, but strode steadily along, Jack in front. The witness was alarmed and horrified. He knew not what to do. It was impossible to influence these men; but he ventured a quiet spot in a shady valley. The Platte ran beside them, and would carry the body of Jack along with it in a few moments. They paused. Jack drew a Derringer and examined it carefully. Apparently satisfied with his inspection, he cocked it and handed it to his brother. Then walking a few rods he turned a two-thirds profile toward him, presenting his heart as the mark to shoot at. There the Texan stood, with his arms folded and an expression of quiet melancholy on his face.

"I am ready," he said, casting a single glance at his brother, with whom he had previously shaken hands, and then turning his gaze toward the river. The brother took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger. The cartridge did not explode. Jack flung a quick look at it, and seeing his brother about to try again, once more gazed at the river. After another long aim the brother suddenly threw the pistol into the river and wheeled about. Jack advanced in anger.

"You're a pejurer," he said. "I would have killed you."

The brother did not reply, but turned and walked toward home.

Jack followed with the greatly relieved witness. He did not utter a word until they parted in Denver. He made repeated efforts to induce his brother to carry out the compact, and seemed more anxious to die the more he reflected upon his escape. He appeared to court death with moody anxiety, and long after this affair had ceased to torment him, this strange, restless desire to meet death by violence seemed to haunt him. At three o'clock on the morning of his death (he remained up because he was filled with the suffocating sense that death was coming), he walked down Sixteenth street with a friend, and said:

"It's coming, coming, I feel it in the air; but I don't know how, and I'd like to know, I've got the 'sand' to die game, and I'll die in my boots, but I'd like to know how it's coming."

"You ought to go somewhere, Jack," said his friend.

"There is not a spot in this western country where Jack Finehart is not in danger," he replied.

At ten o'clock he was attending to his duties as yard-master. A switch engine was going down the yard behind a passenger train, and Jack, knowing the engineer to be a Denver & Rio Grande man, and being distrustful of him, jumped on the step and rode along with him. The ricketty engine was going very fast. It went off the rails and fell over, and Yard-master Finehart was crushed to death and badly mutilated. The engineer was also killed.

To think that a man who was covered from head to foot with knife and pistol scars · a man whose death was many times due, perhaps, from the hands of other men, should meet it at last by a railroad accident. His funeral was attended by great numbers, and as he lies in the cemetery, one sees over his grave the simple inscription, "Jack Finehart."

Anecdotes of Napoleon.

One day the Emperor was riding by a window, through it he saw a tailor at work. Being inclined to have some sport, the Emperor stopped opposite the window which was open, and cried out—

"What is your employment, my fine fellow?"

"I am a tailor, sir," said the man.

The reply was so appropriate that the Emperor took the Cross of the Legion of Honor from his own breast, and made him a Topographical Engineer on the spot.

In the earlier part of spring, Napoleon was in the habit of rising early and walking in plain dress by the side of the Seine. One morning in the course of his perambulations, he encountered one of the fraternity of washerwomen commonly known as laundresses. Seeing her drinking something, the Emperor said:

"What is that you are drinking, madame?"

"Water," said she.

"Water?" said the Emperor.

"Yes; one must needs drink water when one can get nothing else."

The Emperor said nothing at the moment, but the next day the old woman was surprised upon being informed that his Majesty had been so pleased with her exhibition of contentment, that he had assigned her a pension of a hundred thousand francs per year.

A farm laborer was walking with his shoes in his hand along the road, when it happened that the Emperor was passing.

"Why do you not put your shoes upon your feet, my good fellow?" he said.

"Ah! I may injure them on the pebbles of the road," said the peasant.

"Why, then, by avoiding that, you may injure your toes," said the Emperor.

"True, sir, but they will get well of their own accord again, while a shoe out of repair, will cost something to mend."

Napoleon admired his economical philosophy so much, that he immediappointed him Minister of Finance to the Empire, with the title of the Duc de Sabot.

Immediately after the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon was riding over the field of battle, giving directions as to the wounded and dead. In his progress he saw a camp follower, who appeared to have been wounded in the [illegible]

"You appear to having been doing a soldier's duty," said Napoleon.

"Oh! a pitch piaster will make it all well in a day or two."

The Emperor, struck with the intrepidity of the man and the originality of the reply, made him a Marshal of the Empire on the field, and ever after held him in the highest respect.

Reptiles in the Stomach.

Dr, England, of Newark, New Jersey, lately took five lizards from the stomach of a colored woman in that place. When called upon the doctor exhibited two of the lizards, preserved in alcohol. One is four inches in length and the other about two and one-half inches. They are of a light mud color, and are perfectly formed. The larger one is half an inch in diameter at the thickest part, near the shoulders and head. Dr. England said that when he drew the large one from Lucy Davis's throat she screamed so loudly that a score of colored people flocked into the room. When they saw the lizard crawling on the floor they stood with mouths agape and eyes starting from the sockets. He never saw such a terrified set of people in his life. Lucy Davis's case, Dr England added, was an unusual one, although lizards had before existed in the stomachs of human beings. He tempted the largest lizard up in Lucy's throat by putting a decoction on her tongue. When the head of the lizard appeared, he seized it with an instrument and quickly pulled it out. "When I was a student with the late Dr. E. P. Whetmore of Brooklyn," said Dr. England, "I assisted in a somewhat similar and very peculiar case. Dr. Whetmore was summoned to attend a lady living near Flatbush. He took me with him. We arrived at the farm in the afternoon, and saw the patient. Dr. Whetmore told her not to eat anything that evening, and he would attend to her the next day. Early the next morning the old doctor, without saying anything to me or the lady, procured a pan of fresh, warm milk from the barn. He carried the milk into the house, and told the lady to sit in a chair near the window. He then bandaged her eyes, and made me hold the pan of milk close to her mouth and nostrils. In a few minutes the lady began to breathe as though she was being smothered. Dr. Whetmore, who had been anxiously looking down her throat, suddenly inserted an instrument, and in a few seconds pulled out a milk snake. The lady went into convulsions, but soon recovered. The snake was as beautiful a specimen of a milk snake I ever saw. It was nearly two feet in length, and half an inch in circumference. It was of a blue-water color, with cream-brown spots. The lady recovered her health rapidly. Dr. Whetmore had not said what was the cause of her illness until he pulled out the snake."

How to spend a holiday: First, get your holiday.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1879.

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL,

Is published every Thursday, in Musser's Building, corner of Main and Penn streets at

$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE

Or $1.25 if not paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 week.	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 year.
1 square,...	$1 00	$2.50	$3 00	$4 00	$7 00
¼ column,..	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00	15 00
½ column,..	5 00	7 50	10 00	15 00	35 00
1 column,...	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00	60 00

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices $2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Job Work done on short notice.

WALTER & DEININGER, Publishers.

Church & Sunday School Directory.

Evangelical.

Rev. C. F. Deininger, Preacher-in-charge.—German preaching next Sunday morning by Rev. C. F. Deininger.

Sunday School, 2 P. M.—D. L. Zerby, supt.

Methodist.

Rev. W. R. Whitney, Preacher-in-charge.—

Sunday School, 1 P. M.,—D. Kimport, supt.

Communion services next Sunday morning.

Reformed.

Rev. J. G. Shoemaker, Pastor,—

English Preaching in Aaronsburg, next Sunday evening.

United Brethren.

Rev. John Landis, Preacher-in-charge.—

Lutheran.

Rev. John Tomlinson, Pastor.—

Preaching in Aaronsburg next Sunday evening.

United Sunday School, 9 A. M.— B. O. Deininger, supt.

Elder T. A. Long, of Howard will preach in the M. E. Church, next Saturday evening. The public is respectfully invited to attend.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 955, I. O. O. F. meets in heir hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening. R. A. BUMILLER, Sec. C. W. HARTMAN, N. G.

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. of H., meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 6½, P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M.
D. L. ZERBY, Sec. A. G. Deininger, Master.

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.
A. WALTER, Sec, B. O. DEININGER, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.
R. H. R. HARTER, Sec. J. HARTMAN, Prest.

Millheim Escort of Co. B., 5th Regt., N. G., Lold their drill meeting on the second story of Alexander's Block, every Tuesday and Friday evening.

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR TREASURER,

HON. DANIEL O. BARR,

OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY.

A BLACK CHAPTER.

Another chapter in the annals of the Hayes administration is opened to-day by the statement of Casanave, a member of the infamous Louisiana Returning Board. Casanave, although a colored man, is the member of the board and is the only one who neither before nor since the counting in process has made a living of politics. He was a well to do undertaker, and it was hoped when he was appointed that he would give a mild flavor of respectability to a board otherwise composed of two politicians and a professional gambler, all of whom were notoriously "on the make." Casanave was the cat with whose paws they proposed to pull the chestnuts out of the fire, and only lately has he bugun to see how badly his paws were burned. While Anderson, with his son, father-in-law, brother-in-law and coterie of friends, have been drawing $15,000 a year, Wells and family (including his father, who must be a hundred years old) about $10,000 a year, and Kenner and family about $5-000 a year from the government on account of their political services in the Presidential election of 1876, poor Casanave returned to his coffin-making to find the business gone to the mischief, and then, to crown all, he was required to foot the bills for keeping himself and associates out of the Penitentiary, where they belonged. The details of this story are told in his pleasant way in our Washington dispatches, but the worst refers to his adventures in the effort to induce the administration to take the burden of debt off his shoulders. Casanave reasoned as most men would, that the men who were enjoying the spoils of the crime that he had committed had an interest even greater than his own in covering up the dirty work done in their behalf. To a certain extent the administration seems to have shared this view. The President received him courteously and passed him on; McCrary said he would pay the whole amount himself, but he wasn't able; and Sherman actually planked down the munificent sum of a hundred dollars. When Casanave pressed them further they were even more liberal, and finally, through the kind offices of some of the legal gentlemen who represented Mr. Hayes before the Electoral Commission, seventeen hundred and fifty dollars were raised. They drew the line at that amount however, and hence Casanave shakes the dust of his feet from the Capital, covering the administration with profanity and half inclined to turn State's evidence. It is an entertaining story, and still most disgraceful to those who figure in it from the highest and the lowest. And the end is not yet.—*Philadelphia Times.*

General Ewing writes to a Washington friend that he is confident of his election as Governor of Ohio, that the people are enthusiastic and that the vote will be large. He says, also, that he believes he will get the whole Greenback vote.

How elections are carried in New England.

New England with all her boasted devotion to decorum in politics and morality in all things, has reason to blush for the disclosures that have been made as to the way elections are conducted in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, particularly in the former State of vaunted integrity. At Newport, on Saturday, the Republican politicians made confessions before the Butler committee which we would be glad to accept as the first fruits of repentance, but which, from the cheery manner in which the dirty truth was told, lead to the fear that they rather glory in their shame. Rarely in this country has the ballot-box been so recklessly polluted by money. One man went so far as to say that the man who had not seen money used at all elections in Rhode Island must be blind, and for his part he considered it legitimate. He had never sold his vote, but only the fear of criminating himself prevented his saying whether he had bought any. Other witnesses described the ingenious devices by which the voters were paid off without the discovery of the payee by the payer. In some cases checks are given out to voters, who upon presenting them in a dark hall or in rum shops received the money, and a fellow who had actually been a candidate for Governor, although not much of a candidate, confessed to receiving ten dollars in an envelope handed down to him through a drop-door as the price of his vote. No comment can increase the force of these facts in exciting indignation. Disfranchisement would be a light penalty for the men, whether generals or plain citizens, who acquire office by such means. Hereafter Rhode Island ought to take a back seat and her representatives hold their tongues.

The Democratic County convention of Clinton county met at Lock Haven on Tuesday the 19th inst., and nominated the following ticket: Prothonotary—George W. Batchelor, of Lock Haven; Register and Recorder—James W. Clark, of Mill Hall; Coroner—John S. Mader, of Lock Haven; Jury Commissioner—A. C. Chatham, of Crawford township.

Hon. H. L. Deiffenbach presided over the Convention and Col. W. A. Simpson was appointed Chairman of the County Committee.

The resolutions are plain and practical—entirely to the point. They speak a kind word for our candidate for State Treasurer, our able U. S. Senator, Hon. W. A. Wallace, and Hon. George J. Eldred, Representative from Clinton in the House at Harrisburg.

A resolution of thanks was also passed to J. C. C. Whaley, Esq., of the Clinton *Democrat* for the able manner in which he [illegible] as chairman of the county committee for several years past.

The convention was well attended, harmonious, and its acts will certainly be ratified by a large majority next November.

Important to Voters.

The next election in Pennsylvania will be held on Tuesday, the 4th of November.

Voters must be assessed two months preceding the election, that is, on or before Thursday, September 4th.

Voters must have paid a state or county tax one month preceding the election, that is, on or before Saturday, October 4th.

Members of Democratic state, county and city committees should see to it that every voter of our party has complied with the law.

Failure to pay tax in season deprives the voter of the privelege of suffrage. An elector can swear in his vote, though he be not assessed, but the neglect may cause him much trouble.

Ex-Congressman Jere Haralson, colored, on the negro migration fever in the Baltimore *Gazette*: "I am opposed to my race leaving the South. It is the proper place for a colored man. It is the land of his nativity, and the mild climate of the South is especially adapted to his present impoverished and ignorant condition. Our race in the South are poor and haven't the money to buy sufficient clothing and fuel to protect them against the cold and rigorous climate of the Northwest. The negro will not thrive in a country where there is no woods or timber. Even in the South there is plenty of timber and fuel. A colored man can go into the woods, cut down a few poles, notch him up a log cabin, daub the cracks with mud, and in a week he is as comfortable as a beaver."

Before Secretary Sherman does much more traveling with an eye to the Presidency he should see that justice be done to poor Casanave, of the Louisiana Returning Board. Anderson, Wells, Kenner, with all their brothers, sons, cousins and uncles have each got good fat offices from the administration which *they* appointed, while poor colored Casanave is being sold out for the costs of the suit that kept the whole batch of them out of the Penitentiary.

Ex-Gov. Hendricks most positively declines in advance a possible nomination for Vice President. While he desires the success of the Democratic party, he says he can see no reason why he should accept a nomination for an office he never sought and does not want.

The Harvest Home Picnic.

The Harvest Home Picnic of Union county last Thursday came off in good style and it was really a very creditable affair of its kind, all things considered. True there was not such a great outpouring from Centre county as had been expected, but it must be considered that the grand demonstration of two years ago exceeded and was an exception to all rule. An excursion of about 2500 people, filling four trains of ten cars each as we then had, is indeed a rare thing, even in the most thickly settled parts of the state. The novelty of a *ride on the rail* together with the nominal fare of only fifty cents for the round trip, is what brought out the people of Penns and Brush valleys in such large numbers. This year the fare was a dollar, with times considerably tighter, locally, than two years ago and yet we had over 500 excursionists from Coburn and Spring Mills. This number was largely augmented all the way down through Union county, and when the train reached the grounds there must have been at least 700 people on it.

Union county had turned out *en masse*. The people did themselves much honor by the way in which they participated in their Harvest Home. We feel sure that Union county had as many people present as on the memorable occasion of two years ago.

The amusements and plays incident to such gatherings were not wanting, and the young folks generally had a good time of it at dancing, quoiting, croquet, and similar enjoyments. The best of humor prevailed and the day passed off very pleasantly and without the slightest accident or disturbance.

At 4 o'clock our train left for home where we arrived at about 7 in the evening. The whole affair was decidedly *nice*.

To Lewisburg and back in a day, with at least six hours of pleasure and leisure while there! Truly, our little whip lash of a rail road is *something*.

EXAMINATIONS OF TEACHERS FOR 1879.

The examinations of teachers for the schools of Centre county will be held as specified in this announcement:

Huston, Julian, Friday, August 29.
Snow Shoe and Burnside, Snow Shoe, Tuesday, September 2.
Unionville and Union, Unionville, Thursday, September 4.
Milesburg and Boggs, Milesburg, Friday, September 5.
Patton, Waddle's School House, Tuesday, September 9.
Halfmoon, Stormstown, Wednesday, September, 10.
Ferguson, Pine Grove, Thursday, September 11.
Harris, Boalsburg, Friday, September
Spring, Valentine's School House, Tuesday, September 16.
Benner, Knox's School House, Wednesday, September 17.
College, Lemont, Thursday, Sept. 18.
Potter, Centre Hall, Friday, Sept. 19.
Gregg, Penn Hall, Saturday, Sept. 20
Walker, Hublersburg, Monday, September 22.
Marion, Jacksonville, Tuesday, September 23.
Liberty, Eagleville, Wednesday, September 24.
Howard and Curtin, Howard, Thursday, September 25.
Penn and Millheim, Millheim, Saturday, September 27.
Haines, Aaronsburg, Monday, September 29.
Miles, Rebersburg, Tuesday, Sept. 30.

A special examination to fill vacancies will be held at the Superintendent's office, Bellefonte, Thursday, October 2nd; but applicants must come recommended by at least four directors of the district in which they intend to teach, and give a reason for not having attended the district examinations.

Applicants must be examined in the districts in which they expect to teach.

Examinations, each day, will begin at 9 A. M.; some of the directors should be present in time to make out a list of applicants to be examined.

In compliance with instructions from the school department the standard will be raised, certificates falling below an average of 2.5 will not be issued.

H. MEYER,
Co. Supt.

A veteran editor of New York State, retiring from the chair, gave a few parting words to his readers, not forgetting, at the same time, to insert this wholesome advice: "A country newspaper needs friends, and cannot afford to have enemies. Don't get mad if something fails to suit you, and stop your patronage. Don't prattle all over the village about the shortcomings of the editor—co-operate with him. Help him to get the news and see that he has his share of your money to do business with. Don't loaf around his office and steal his time. Don't give him too much good advice. He knows more about his business, probably, than you do. Help, but don't hinder."—Ex.

Monday, the 18th, witnessed a solemn scene in the court house at Lebanon, Pa. The murderer's of old Joseph Raber, in order to obtain $10,000 insurance money, were brought up for sentence of death. Drews, Stichler, Hummel and Brandt, were each in turn sentenced to hang by the neck until dead. Weis, who made a confession which is not yet made public, was not sentenced at this time, but he will be, after the new trial of Zechman will be over. The four first named all denied their guilt, Weis being the only penitent one in the lot.

A written confession over John Sherman's own signature, attested by witnesses, would not convince the country more thoroughly of the Secretary's guilty knowledge of the dark and wicked ways by which Tilden was cheated out of the electoral vote of Louisiana, than does the fact that he gave Casanave, of Returning Board fame, one hundred dollars to help keep him (Casanave) out of the Penitentiary.

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby cautioned not to enter upon the lands of the subscribers for the purpose of shooting squirrels, or for other unlawful objects, as they are determined to enforce the law against all trespassers.

EMANUEL HARTER,
ELIAS WERT,
REUBEN HARTER.

Miles township, July 24th, 1879. 29-6

A GOOD HOME FOR SALE.—The old homestead of the late Capt. Henry Smith, situate in Penns Valley, midway between Millheim and Spring Mills, half a mile north of the turn-pike road, and 2½ miles from the rail road, containing in all 180 acres, more or less, is now offered at private sale on reasonable terms. About 80 acres of timberland, on Brush mountain, easy of access, will be sold in lots to suit purchasers. The remaining 100 acres, of which 85-40 acres are cleared and under cultivation, and at least as much more can be cleared, will be sold together.

There are two dwelling houses, a good bank barn and other outbuildings on the premises. A fine, never-failing spring, is convenient to house and barn. A large variety of fruit—apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, grapes, &c., are also on the ground. Altogether it is a very desirable home, and will be sold at a bargain to parties who will apply soon. Further information can be obtained on the premises. For terms apply to

REV. S. SMITH.
Buffalo X Roads, Union county, Pa. tf

DR. D. H. MINGLE,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Main Street, Millheim, Pa.

MILLHEIM BANKING CO.,

MAIN STREET.

Millheim, Centre Co., Pa.

A. Walter, Cashr. David Krape, Pres.

A. HARTER,

AUCTIONEER,

Rebersburg, Pa.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Bush House,

Bellefonte Pa.

GEORGE HOPPES,
Proprietor.

SPECIAL RATES TO FAMILIES, PERMANENT BOARDERS AND PERSONS ATTENDING COURT.

BOTH LANGUAGES SPOKEN AT OUR HOTEL.

C. W. STURGIS,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
ONE DOOR EAST OF THE BANNER STORE, MARKET STREET,
LEWISBURG, PA.

First Class Goods, Good, Honest Work and Moderate Prices—is the Combination to be found at Mr. Sturgis'

Establishment. Patronage from Centre Co. respectfully solicited. None but the best workmen employed.

ELIAS LOSE,

CARPENTER and Builder.

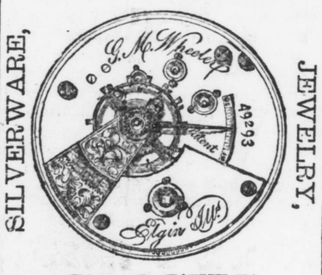
Doors, Shutters, Sash, Window Frames, and Mouldings, made to order on short notice and in the best possible manner.

Yellow Pine Flooring constantly kept on hand. With thanks for past favors he solicits a continuence of the same.

MILLHEIM, PA.

C. A. STURGIS,

WATCHES,



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CLOCKS

AND

Musical Instruments.

Repairing done on short notice.

Engraving a speciality,

at the Millheim Jewelry Store, one door east of Eisenhuth's Drug Store, Main Street, MILLHEIM, PENNA.

CHEAPER Than Ever!

I have received my Spring & Summer stock of

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters and Slippers.

Look at some of my prices

Men's Calfskin Boots, as low as	$2.50
Men's good every day Shoes as low as	1.00
Men's Carpet Slippers as low as	50 cts.
Ladies' Walking shoes, as low as	1.00
Ladies' Foxed Gaiters	75 cts.
" Leather Slippers	55 "
" Cloth "	30 "
" Gaiters	75 "
Children's Button Shoes	25 cts.

GO TO

KAMP'S

if you want to buy CHEAP.

Jacob Kamp,
Lock Haven, Pa.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN SCROLL SAW Beats the World.

J. M. BEUGLER,
Sole Proprietor,
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.
Send for Circulars.

HIGHEST HONORS AT THE *Centennial World's Fair, 1876!* THE

SHONINGER ORGANS

PRONOUNCED UNANIMOUSLY AS THE

BEST INSTRUMENTS.

Their comparative excellence is recognised by the Judges in their Report, from which the following is an extract:

"The B. SHONINGER ORGAN CO.'S exhibit as the best Instruments at a price rendering them possible to a large class of purchasers, having a combination of Reeds and Bells, producing novel and pleasing effects, containing many desirable improvements, will stand longer in dry or damp climate, less liable to get out of order, and the boards being made them to either shrink, swell or split." THE ONLY ORGANS AWARDED THIS RANK.

This Medal and Award was granted after the most severe competition of the best makers, before one of the most competent juries ever assembled.

New Styles and prices just issued, which are in accordance with our rule, the BEST ORGAN for the least money.

We are prepared to appoint a few new Agents.

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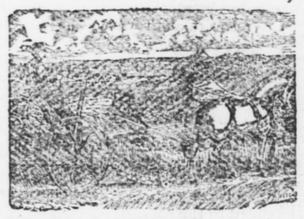
B. SHONINGER ORGAN CO.,
97 to 123 CHESTNUT STREET,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

WILBER'S DIRECT DRAFT

EUREKA MOWER,



THE LIGHTEST DRAFT MOWER.
THE CHEAPEST MOWER.
THE LARGEST MOWER.

THE BEST MOWER IN THE WORLD.

TESTIMONIALS.

The Eureka is superior to any side-cut machine I ever used or ever saw in use. HARRIS LEWIS,
President of New York Dairymen's Asso.

The curing of the grass cut with the Eureka Mower is more even and rapid than after the side-cut machines. GEORGE W. HOFFMAN,
President Farmers' Club, Elmira, N. Y.

The Eureka Mower is the very best we ever saw, and there is no side-cut mower that can compare with it in any respect. V. E. FIOLLET,
State Grange Lecturer, Wyoex, P.

The manner in which it leaves the cut grass, loose and open to the sun and wind ready for drying, puts the Eureka far ahead of any machine I ever used. E. LAPORTE, Asylum, Pa.

Manufactured by EUREKA MOWER CO. Towanda, Bradford County, Pa. Correspondence solicited. Circulars mailed on application.

DAVID I. BROWN,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

TIN-WARE, STOVEPIPE AND TRIMMINGS, SPOUTING & FRUIT CANS.

Would respectfully inform the public that he keeps on hand or makes to order all kinds of TINWARE, STOVE-FIXTURES, FRUIT CANS, etc.

SPOUTING A SPECIALITY.

Fruit cans always on hand. Repairing done at short notice. Having some ten years experience in the business he flatters himself that his work is fully equal to any in this section of the country. A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. Shop next door to Journal Book Store, Millheim, Pa.

W. J. STRAYER,

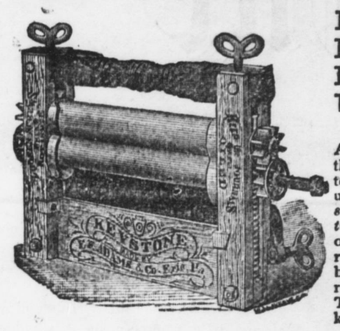
Fashionable Barber,

Opposite Stem's Store,

MILLHEIM, PA.

The patronage of the public respectfully solicited.

KEYSTONE WRINGER.



Has Greater Capacity, Is More Durable, and Is better finished Than any other wringer now made.

THE ROLLS

Are made of White Rubber clear to the shaft. No twine or wire or fibrous material, or anything else but rubber being used. The rubber is *vulcanized upon the shaft and cannot be taken off except by cutting it off.* They are more elastic than other rolls because there is nothing but rubber on the shaft, and more durable because there is no twine or fibrous material to rot out or wire to cut the rubber. They are greatly superior to any other kind of roll now known.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE KEYSTONE WRINGER.

Be sure and send for Catalogue and inquire for the

Taylor & Farley CABINET ORGAN,

BEFORE PURCHASING ANY ORGAN.

NONE SUPERIOR AND BUT FEW EQUAL.

NOTHING SHODDY, AND PRICES LOW.

MANUFACTORY AT WORCESTER, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1846.

VICTORIOUS!

HIGHEST & BEST AWARD

And Grand Medal of Honor.

Economy, Durability and Rapidity combined with perfect work,

Are Distinguishing Features of the celebrated

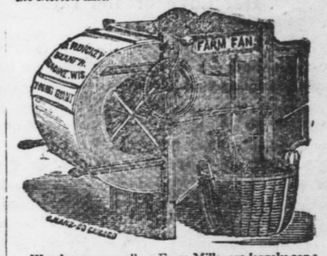
Giant Farm and Warehouse Fans,

MADE BY

A. P. DICKEY,

Racine, Wis.

Now having many late improvements, they are fully equal to every demand; cleaning all kinds of Grain, Peas, Beans, Castor Beans, Corn and Small Seed. They grade Wheat perfectly by once handling. Separate Oats from Wheat, Barley and Rye. They have very perfect arrangements for cleaning Timothy, Clover, Flax Seed, Orchard Grass, and all other Small Seeds. They Chaff perfectly, and combine every qualification required to do the best work in the shortest time.



Warehouse, as well as Farm Mills, are largely constructed, both kinds requiring nine rises to accommodate the demand, and giving a capacity of from 50 to 500 bushels per hour, according to size of mill.

They are shipped, boxed for ocean transportation, and "set up" or "knocked down" for forwarding inland, as requested; and in all cases put free on board Cars or Steamer. Orders filled same day as received.

Mills shipped "knocked down" go for half the freight charged as when forwarded "set up." Oleographs and Circulars supplied on application. Prices will be quoted *low* and on liberal terms. Correspondence solicited.

JOHN B. LINN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bellefonte, Pa.

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ALEXANDER & BOWER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Bellefonte, Pa,

OFFICE IN GARMAN'S NEW BUILDING.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.,

Battle Creek, Mich.

ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE

"VIBRATOR" THRESHING MACHINERY.

THE Matchless Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, and Money-Saving Threshers of this day and generation. Beyond all rivalry for Rapid Work, Perfect Cleaning, and for Saving Grain from Wastage.

STEAM Power Threshers a Specialty. Special sizes of Separators made expressly for Steam Power.

OUR Unrivaled Steam Thresher Engines, both Portable and Traction, with Valuable Improvements, far beyond any other make or kind.

THE ENTIRE Threshing Expenses (and often three to five times that amount) can be made by the Extra Grain SAVED by these Improved Machines.

GRAIN Raisers will not submit to the enormous wastage of Grain and the inferior work done by all other machines, when once posted on the difference.

NOT Only Vastly Superior for Wheat, Oats; Barley, Rye, and like Grains, but the ONLY Successful Thresher in Flax, Timothy, Millet, Clover, and like Seeds. Requires no "attachments" or "rebuilding" to change from Grain to Seeds.

IN Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Finish, Perfection of Parts, Completeness of Equipment, etc., our "VIBRATOR" Thresher Outfits are Incomparable.

MARVELOUS for Simplicity of Parts, using less than one-half the usual Belts and Gears. Makes Clean Work, with no Littorings or Scatterings.

FOUR Sizes of Separators Made, Ranging from Six to Twelve-Horse size, and two styles of Mounted Horse Powers to match.

FOR Particulars, Call on our Dealers or write to us for Illustrated Circular, which we mail free.

FOX'S PATENT

Breech-Loading Shot Gun

Barrels slide one side. No hinge to get loose.

A Gun to stand the wear and tear, and not get shaky or out of order. Prices, from $50.00 upwards. Send stamp for Circular to

AMERICAN ARMS CO.
109 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

THE WHITE SEWING MACHINE

THE BEST OF ALL.

Unrivaled in Appearance,
Unparalleled in Simplicity,
Unsurpassed in Construction,
Unprecedented in Popularity,
And Undisputed in the Broad Claim

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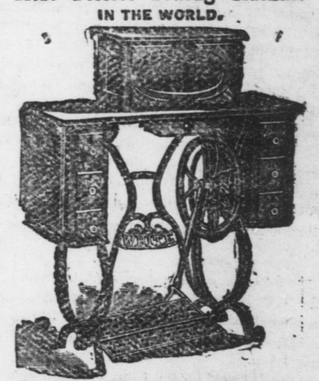
VERY BEST OPERATING QUICKEST SELLING, HANDSOMEST, AND Most Perfect Sewing Machine IN THE WORLD.



The great popularity of the White is the most convincing tribute to its excellence and superiority over other machines, and in submitting it to the trade we put it upon its merits, and in no instance has it ever yet failed to satisfy any recommendation in its favor.

The demand for the White has increased to such an extent that we are now compelled to turn out

A Complete Sewing Machine every three minutes in the day to supply the demand!

Every machine is warranted for 3 years, and sold for cash at liberal discounts, or upon easy payments, to suit the convenience of customers.

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No 358 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

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WONDERFUL INVENTION
ABSOLUTELY NOISELESS
LIGHT RUNNING SEWING MACHINE EVER MADE
AVOIDING CAMS, CROSS, CAMS AND LEVERS, AND SUBSTITUTING THEREFORE AN ENTIRELY NEW MECHANICAL PRINCIPLE & MOVEMENT, A RADICAL IMPROVEMENT, SECURING A STANDARD DESIRED BY ALL
AUTOMATIC DIRECT & PERFECT ACTION IN EVERY PART AND FRICTION, NO NOISE, NO WEAR, NO TANTRUMS NOR GETTING OUT OF ORDER, ALWAYS READY TO SEW THE FINEST OR HEAVIEST GOODS, GIVING ENTIRE SATISFACTION, NO LONG TALK OR ARGUMENT REQUIRED EVERY MACHINE TELLING ITS OWN STORY, SECURES IMMEDIATE SALES, HENCE THE BEST MACHINE FOR AGENTS TO SELL. SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR.
AGENTS WANTED
AVERY MFG CO.
812 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 28 1879.

B. O. DEININGER, - - - EDITOR.

R. A. BUMILLER, - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Local Department.

—Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco. 47-1y

—The corn crop of Union county will be very good; that of Penn's Valley, number one.

—A Methodist campmeeting will begin near Pine Grove Mills, September 11th.

—22,000 persons were present at Ocean Grove campmeeting near New York, last Sunday.

—Very copious and seasonable rains have put the soil in easier condition for plowing.

—Those of our folks who were present at the Clintondale campmeeting report a very large attendance and good order.

—Edwin Smith, a farmer, living seven miles from Adrian, Mich., has a beard seven feet six and a half inches long.

—Senator Conkling is going to stay at home the balance of the summer. He has discovered that *home* is a much healthier place for him than Narragansett Pier.

—Somebody down in Snyder county has a tobacco leaf that is 3½ feet long and 23 inches wide. Well, we have made up our mind not to get mad about it and if it were thrice as big.

—At the Harvest Home last week we had expected to meet brethren Whitman, Cornelius and Schoch, and be invited to dinner by at least several of them, but nary a one showed his face and we had to shape our dinner as best we could. We'll mind you for that boys.

—The Mifflinburg *Telegraph* says that "Mr. Chas. Seebold, of New Berlin, is becoming noted as a land owner. Recently, at Sheriff's sale, he secured the fine farm of Mr. Eyer, in Union township at $16,000, which makes we are informed, the sixth farm he owns."

—The picnic of the Elk Creek and Liberty Sunday schools, which had been spoiled by the rain the other Saturday, came off last Saturday, in Evert's woods, near Coburn. Although the clouds appeared threatening in the morning the day passed off without rain. The attendance was very good and everything passed off to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. Revs. Shoemaker and Tomlinson made addresses and the Millheim Cornet Band made the music. The picnic was a success altogether.

—On Sunday last Mr. A. Walter and F. P. Musser met with an accident, which though bad enough came very nigh of being much worse. They were in a buggy on their way to Clintondale campmeeting, and were overtaken just before crossing the bridge, near Loveland's store, by a party of three or four, in so many conveyances, who were racing and by driving around them they cut off the bridge. Their horse took fright and sprang down the embankment, upsetting the buggy. The top was broken clear off and the buggy otherwise badly damaged, and it is a wonder in view of the nature of the accident, that both the occupants escaped without any material injury to themselves.

—PERSONAL.—Mr. Jonathan Philips one of our oldest men and citizens, seems to be on the decline. He is still able to be up but can no longer walk around town. He is in his eighties.

At the Union County Harvest Home we had the pleasure for the first time to meet Thos. Gucker, Superintendent, and Mr. E. S. Harrar, General Ticket Agent, of the Williamsport Division of the P. & E. R. R., of which our road is a branch. They are said to be rail road men of a strictly No 1 grade, as regards qualification and efficiency. On this point we are no judge, but we do know that both of them impressed us with the fact that they are gentlemen in the best and fullest sense of the word.

Wm. B. Mingle & family, visited at Aaronsburg over Sunday.

Mr. Amos Alexander is again able to walk about. Hope he may continue to improve.

Emanuel Motz, Esq., after an absence of over a year away down in South Carolina, is here for a short time on a visit to his family.

C. W. Hartman who was confined to his bed in consequence of a severe sprain in the hip, is up and about again.

Thomas Gutelius, the boss buggy man, of Mifflinburg, was in town on Monday. We did not inquire what his business was, but when we saw him he was engaged in pacing off our new sidewalks in long, measured, regular steps.

Mrs. Garman, of Philadelphia, sister to Mr. Elias Lose, who had been here for some time on a visit to her brother, has left for home.

Mr. W. H. Stevenson, a teacher, of Chatham's Run, Clinton county, gave us a short call on Tuesday. Mr. S. has the appearance of a man fully qualified to teach the young idea how to shoot.

Mr. J. A. Feidler, one of Centre county's most progressive teachers, dropped in to see us the other day. Mr. F. has been attending the Central State Normal School, at Lock Haven, for some considerable time, and speaks highly and warmly of that institution,

—The reunion of the Veterans of Centre County will be held at Pleasant Gap on Saturday, September 6th.

—Last week it was J. H. Reifsnyder and John D. Foote that made board walks. For some time past we had a notion to remind John that a new board walk would be entirely in order, but feared that he might give us to understand how Girard got rich. Well, the new walk is made. Go on—proceed—*next.*

—Mr. J. H. Keller, owner of the farm on the summit of Nittany mountain, above Centre Hall, has erected an observatory right on the mountain top, fifty feet high. The view now afforded from Mr. Keller's "steeple" must be one of the grandest in the United States. This spot always was far-famed for its romantic view, but now it must be much enhanced. Mr. Keller deserves praise and encouragement for his enterprise.

—Last Friday some person or persons broke into the drug store of Mr. S. G. Bennett, this place. The entrance was effected by boring two holes into the shutter and by this means opening them and then prying up the window with a chisel until the window latch broke. After entering the store the burglars seem to have been disturbed in some way and left without taking anything whatever as is yet noticed. In their flight they forgot to take the chisel with them. In the neighborhood news it will be seen parties entered a building at Bellefonte in exactly the same way. Could it have been the same parties?—*Lewisburg Journal.*

CENTRE HALL NEWS.

VanPelt & Shoop, Founders and Machinists, are doing a large business.

Henry Boozer has sold his stage line to Jacob Dinges. Henry intends to carry on the saddle and harness business stronger than ever. Success to him.

At last Centre Hall is to have a steam grist mill. Just what has been needed years ago. Let it come.

Mrs. Samuel Krise leaves this week for Iowa on a visit to her daughter.

Mr. Daniel Flisher's new house is about finished, and will make one of the pleasantest homes in town.

Isaac Guggenheimer & Co. are closing out their stock of store goods. Now for bargains. C.

Central State Normal School.

Somebody sent us the fall catalogue of the Central State Normal School, of the 8th district, situated at Lock Haven, and a cursory perusal has convinced us that it is one of the best institutions of its kind in Pennsylvania. Ex-Gov. Curtin and Ex-Gov. Bigler are both members of the board of Trustees—the latter being President. The faculty consists of nine professors and teachers, among whom we notice the name of Prof. James W. Bright, A. B., son of the late Samuel Bright, of Aaronsburg. James has charge of the Ancient and Modern Languages.

The location of the fine building as well as the building itself, is all that could be desired. Situated on a hill overlooking the young and enterprising city, the Central State presents a very imposing appearance; and if the internal arrangements (which we have not seen) are as practical as the external appearance is symmetrical and beautiful, then indeed are the comforts of students well cared for.

The rules and regulations of this institution are stringent, but salutary, and the moral and social culture of students seems to be a primary consideration with the teachers.

The institution can safely be recommended to such as wish to make teaching their profession and it is much to be desired that our teachers, by attending this or some other institution of the kind will fit themselves better to fulfil the duties of their high and responsible calling.

For the Journal.

AN EVIL.

There is indeed no more pleasing sight than a well-behaved child. How parents drudge for it! How the whole household is ready to humor its whims! Grandpa takes it on his back and plays with it; the ferocious watch-dog will not harm it; robbers and pirates become kind and gentle toward it; even snakes, as stories go, respect its formidable innocence.

But there is one place where the child is entirely out of place—I mean the church. It rarely behaves there, and is nothing but a disturber. How often have we seen the restless infant at church, "mewling and pucking in its nurse's arms," interrupting the preacher in his sermonizing and scattering the attention of the audience to the four winds. Mothers mean well; they want to get the little ones into the habit of church-going and show off the prettiness of their treasures to the neighbors. But it will not do. The audience is in danger. Sleeplessness, pins, or green apples may at any moment throw the little darlings into convulsions and disturb the whole congregation. Therefore I protest, in the name of order, and in the interest of ministers and church-goers, against the bringing of little children into church. Mothers, let your good sense triumph over your indulgent fondness and make your children do their crying at home.

CARL SCHREIBER.

Rebersburg, Aug. 25th, 1879.

[Every intelligent person knows that editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents, unless they endorse them directly. Mr. Schreiber presents one side of a question that well deserves a little discussion, very strongly; and yet the other side of the matter may have arguments too. We have no wish just now to decide this case, but any one wishing to controvert the position of Mr. S. may do so through the JOURNAL, provided respectful language be used. EDITOR.]

BURBANK, OHIO, Aug. 20th, 1879.

Friend B. O. Deininger:

This is to inform you that your humble servant and wife arrived safe home from our visit to Centre County. We got home on the 11th inst. Started at Mill Hall in the morning and at 11 o'clock the same evening landed us in Burbank, a distance of 350 miles. How does that compare with stage travel 40 years ago? I must say that I enjoyed my visit among my old friends in Pennsvalley immensely. I was much pleased with the improvements that have been made in the time since I moved away from the place, 23 years ago.

Old Aaronsburg looks remarkably well. The old woodpiles are not so conspicuous as they were when you and I were boys. Now not wishing to be personal I would simply say that if the postmaster of the old "burg" would simply take his lumber pile out of the street back of his store it would make a decided improvement. *Mike* is a clever fellow and I am sorry I forgot to mention the matter to *him*.

Your town has also made a number of improvements and I presume now since you are incorporated into a borough you will make more rapid strides in that direction. Making the Journal an English paper is another step in the right direction, and now if you would make it a good sound "Republican" Journal you would be all right. Financially I bid you success but politically *visa versa*. Enclosed I send you one dollar for the Journal for one year and if you don't print too much in favor of Jeff Davis, Lamar, Hill, Beck & Co. I may take it longer. Politics are booming in Ohio this fall and mark what I say, Charlie Foster will be the governor. But hold on, I did not sit down to write politics but wish simply to say further through your columns that I more than ever appreciated your templed hills, your wooded vales, your gushing springs, your rippling brooks and your generous hospitality, and I hope my heart has grown better for having been in your midst. I was sorry I could not remain longer with you. Remember us kindly to all the friends. You may occasionally hear from me. May your shadow never grow less is the wish of Your friend,

G. W. HOLLOWAY.

'Bliged to you George, just needed a dollar. But we are not a Democrat of the Jeff Davis persuasion, and never were. Some of the others you name are really good men and we are only sorry that *you* can't see it. But—George—*we* shouldn't talk politics with each other, nor should you even read the political part of the Journal. Confine yourself to the local department—that's what you get it for anyhow—and you will *stay* a subscriber and your temper will always keep sweet over your old chum

BEN.

News Miscellaney.

THE grape crop in the central part of the state will exceed an average yield.

THE freight business on the Pennsylvania railroad is reported heavier than it has been for years.

COL. THOS. A. SCOTT, it is announced will return to this country about the middle of September, and will resume his regular duties. He is rapidly regaining his strength, and looks as well as he ever did in his life.

THE A. M. E. CHURCH will hold a Campmeeting in the Park at Watsontown, commencing August 29th and continuing over two Sabbaths. A sufficient number of prominent ministers will be present.

The wheat crop of Illinois this year according to the returns of the State Board of Agriculture, amounts to 42,041,252 bushels, an average of 19¼ bushels to the acre. This crop is valued at $37,277,757, or an average of 88 cents per bushel in the farmers' hands. It is the largest and most valuable wheat crop ever sown in Illinois. The area of land sown in wheat was 2,137,063 acres.

Miss Helen Reade, daughter of a prominent attorney of Ebensburg, Cambria county, was married a few days ago, contrary to her father's desires. Her brother made an effort to shoot her husband, and the young lady was so prostrated with the excitement that she died on Friday.

The San Francisco Chronicle says: "Dr. Hugh James Glenn, one of the great farmers of California, has 45,000 acres in wheat and expects 1,000,000 bushels, worth in California 90 cents per bushel. To put out this immense crop he has 130 gang plows, 60 headers to cut the grain, to which belong 180 wagons, 6 cleaners, 100 harrows, 18 seeders, 6 threshers and 6 engines. He employs nearly 500 hands. He has 1000 work horses and mules, and 1000 brood mares. He has on this farm 32 dwelling houses, 27 barns, and other buildings to make up 100. Such is a specimen of western farming."

A TERRIBLE FIGHT.—Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 24. James Dobbins and Michael Burns, farmers and neighbors living six miles west of here, in Kansas, had a desperate and fatal encounter Friday evening, in which both were killed. It appears that Dobbins owed Burns money, and on the evening named, while passing Burns' place, was dunned offensively for it by Burns. The latter having a revolver in his hand, Dobbins said: "You have the drop on me now, but if you'll wait till I come back I'll be ready to meet you." Dobbins then drove home got two revolvers, went back to Burns' house, found him sitting on the doorstep and opened fire upon him. Burns went into his house, got his revolver, rushed on Dobbins and several shots were exchanged in very close quarters. Dobbins received two balls in his chest and one through the head, while Burns was shot in the abdomen, the ball passing clear through his body, and in the right arm. Notwithstanding these terrible wounds the men clinched in a fierce and deadly struggle, Dobbins falling underneath. In this position Burns beat Dobbins over the head with the butt of his pistol till he thought him dead and had partially risen from the ground when Dobbins turned him and was about to beat him when neighbors arrived and seperated them. Dobbins died before he could be taken home and Burns died early the next morning.

—The JOURNAL BOOK STORE has just received a nice lot of goods that are sold not only as cheap but cheaper than can be bought anywhere in Penns or Brush Valleys. Fine Family Bibles, Pocket Bibles, Photograph Albums, Autograph Albums, Splendid Paper Boxes, Knitting Cotton, Blank Books, Hymn Books, Java Canvass, Zephyrs, Germantown Wool, Fine Fans, Velvet Photograph Frames, Chromos, Sunday School Reward Cards, Motto Frames, Mottoes, Games, Paper, Ink, Pens and Pencils in great variety, and many other things that cannot here be stated. CALL AND SEE.

JURY LIST.—The following is a complete list of the Grand and Traverse Jurors for August Court, commencing Monday, August 25, 1879:

GRAND JURORS.

W. W. Leech, Harris.	J H Rhone, Bellefonte
Christ. Bitner, Potter.	Samuel Pletcher, Boggs
J A Hunter, Half Moon.	Wm. Dawson, Spring
William Marks, Boggs.	Benj. Rush, Marion
Robert Holmes, Walker	Ellis Lytle, Half Moon
John Jackson, Patton	Wm. Mills, Bellefonte
Adam Swartz, Walker	Wm. Blake, Philipsburg
Joseph Gilliland, Potter	Geo. B. Simler, Rush
John Boozer, Potter	G Cronemiller, College
Steele Beverly, Spring	J S Gray, Philipsburg
Lewis Hess, Philipsburg	J I Condo, Gregg
William Tate, Benner	S A Marshall, Benner

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

J W Swartz, Huston	T. Green, Snow Shoe
D Rhodes, Bellefonte	Mich. Condo, Potter
Eml. Musser, College	Samuel Stephen, Worth
A J Kreamer, Harris	David Harter, Marion
J Deihl, Howard Boro.	Israel Confer, Penn
J P Heckman, Gregg	John Funk, Philipsburg
D K Tate, Bellefonte	W Cadwalader, Unionville
Adam Stover, Harris	Sam Emerick, Potter
P W Burket, Half Moon	William Resides, Union
Wm. Bowes, Farmside	Geo T Brew, Bellefonte
John Shiffer, Ferguson	K Zimmerman, Walker
Jac. Shrom, Bellefonte	Ed Kline, Potter
H T Ryman, Milesburg	W Crissman, Snow Shoe
A McMullen, Walker	Rob Manly, Philipsburg
S Haupt, Bellefonte	Joon T Ross, Harris
Wm Merryman, Taylor	John Long, Rush
Dav Henderson, Taylor	Henry Musser, Boggs
Daniel Corman, Spring	Harry R Curtin, Boggs
John Gates, Ferguson	S K Faust, Miles
Cyrus Brungard, Miles	Harry Stewart, Harris
JC Dunkle, Philipsburg	Jas Dumbleton, Rush
M F Riddle, Spring	R S McCalmont, Marion
J V Gray, Worth	Jac Bower Jr. Haines
J W Furey, Bellefonte	John Goodhart, Gregg

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Richard Neman, Taylor	Wm McEwen, Union
W W McKinney, Worth	Wm Korman, Gregg
L A Straub, Bellefonte	S Spigelmyer, Haines
James Iddings, Boggs	J A Henderson, Benner
C Strickland, Bellefonte	D P Fletcher, Howard
R L Shirk, Milesburg	Mich Knoffsker, Gregg
H H Hewitt, Philipsburg	M Benner, Benner
Simon Hazel, Miles	John C Stover, Haines
D McGinley, Bellefonte	K Zimmerman, Walker
Philip Walters, Walker	J Shadman, Ferguson
Jacob Krider, Boggs.	J Weaver, Ferguson
B Graham, Bellefonte	Thom Miles, Milesburg
Wm Scarson, Benner	John Reamy, Spring
J Mattley, Philipsburg	Robert Condo, Harris
N H Yearick, Marion	John Bair, Penn.
A W Gardner, Howard	Wm Pealer, Gregg
Jerome Confer, Boggs	Jesse Swartz, Walker
F P Musser, Penn	Dav Rhule, Snow Shoe

DIED.

On the 19th inst., at Spring Mills, infant son of J. W. & Nellie Krumrine, aged 5 months.

On the 15th inst., in Penn township, Emma L., wife of Adam Schreckengast, aged 24 years.

On the 23rd inst., in Gregg township, Alice Fisher, daughter of Philip and Alice J. Auman aged 5 months and 12 days.

On the 18th inst., near Blairsburg, Hamilton Co., Iowa, Chestie A., wife of Rev. C. H. Gramly, aged 35 years.

Millheim Market.

Wheat No. 1	1.00
Wheat No. 2	95
Corn	40
Rye	45
Oats White	25
Oats, Black	23
Buckwheat	50
Flour	5.00
Bran & Shorts, per ton	15.00
Salt, per Brl	1.75
Plaster, ground	10.00
Cement, per Bushel	45 to 50
Barley	50
Tymothyseed	
Flaxseed	
Cloverseed	4.00
Butter	11
Hams	12
Sides	6
Veal	3
Pork	
Beef	10
Eggs	
Potatoes	
Lard	5
Tallow	6
Soap	5
Dried Apples	
Dried Peaches	
Dried Cherries	4

COAL MARKET.

Egg Coal	$5.25
Stove "	5.50
Chestnut "	5.00
Pea "	3.50

Corrected every Wednesday by Gephart & Musser.

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AGENTS WANTED For the *Best* and *Fastest Selling* Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING Co., Philada. Pa. 30-4w

PIANOS and **ORGANS**. $1,100 Pianos only $222,50; $370 Organs only $98.25; $325 Organs only $75.75. **Tremendous Reduction** during the Midsummer months. Having been **ELECTED MAYOR** of my city and entrusted with its bond's should be sufficient proof of my responsibility. Latest circulars and Illustrated Newspaper *free*. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J. 30-4t

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For Internal and External use.
CURES—Neuralgia, Diptheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough. Ceronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhoea, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.
Health and Happiness are priceless Wealth to their possessor, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use
WRIGHT'S LIVER PILLS.
The only sure CURE for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomache, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Billious complaints and Blood disorders. None genuine unless signed "Wm. Wright, Phila." If your Druggist will not supply send 25 cents for one box to Barrick, Keller & Co., 70 N. 4th St. Phila. 39-1y

WANTED!
We wish an agent, male or female, in each town of this county, to get up Clubs among families, hotels, factories, &c., for the sale of our Teas, and will offer very liberal commissions to such. We have been importers of Teas for over 20 years, and can afford to send, and we will send a better article for the money than any other house in New York. Our Teas are put up in one pound packages, with the name and price printed upon each.
Address, for terms and blank form for Clubs, LONDON & NEW YORK CHINA TEA CO., P. O. Box 574. No. 20 Church St. N. Y. 39-1y

BOOTS & SHOES.
B. FRANK. KISTER,
has just opened a Boot & Shoe Shop,
MAIN STREET,
near Foote's Store,
where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, from men's coarse boots up to ladies cloth top button gaiters, at prices to suit the times. Repairing promptly attended to. A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited. 30-3m

NESBIT BROS.,
Successors to the "East Lewisburg Lumber & Manufacturing Company,"
Manufacturers of
Flooring, Siding, Moulding, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Verandas and all other kinds of Building Materials.
BEING provided with ample facilities, the latest and most improved machinery, and the best mechanical skill, we are prepared to execute all orders promptly, and in the very best manner.
We give special attention to the furnishing of Material for the better grades of
HOUSE BUILDING.
Also, to the manufacture of SCHOOL OFFICE and CHURCH FURNITURE, SUNDAY SCHOOL, and PRIVATE BOOK CASES.
FACTORY—EAST LEWISBURG. NESBIT BROS.
N. B.—We can send Materials to Coburn or Spring Mills at cheap freights. 25-1y

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$1500.00 CASH TO AGENTS
BEWARE OF BOGUS DEALERS AND DEFACED NUMBERS
NOTICE OUR GENUINE NUMBER ON SHUTTLE RACE-PLATE.
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GEPHART & MUSSER
DEALERS IN
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Highest market price paid for all kinds of
GRAIN,
Delivered either at the BRICK MILL or at the old MUSSER MILL, in MILLHEIM.
COAL, PLASTER & SALT
Always on hand and sold at prices that defy competition.
A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited. 39-1y

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GETTYSBURG, PA.
THE first Term of the next Collegiate year will begin
SEPTEMBER 4th, 1879.
The Faculty of the Institution is full. The course of instruction is liberal and thorough. The location is most pleasant and healthy, in the midst of an intelligent and moral community, and accessible by Railroad trains three times a day.
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which is under the direct supervision of the Faculty, has been re-organized, and furnishes thorough instruction for boys and young men preparing for Business or College classes. Students in this department are under the special care of officers who reside with them in the building.
For further information or Catalogues, address
M. VALENTINE, D. D.
President of College, or
PROF. P. M. BIKLE,
Principal of Prep. Dept.
Gettysburg, Pa., July 19, 1879.

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The only combination of the true Jamaica Ginger with choice Aromatics and French Brandy for Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cramps & Pains, Diarrhoea & Dysentery, Dyspepsia, Flatulency, Want of Tone and Activity in the Stomach and Bowels and avoiding the dangers of Change of Water, Food and Climate. Ask for
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Dr. Oberholtzer's Liniment,
CAMPHOR MILK,
is now highly recommended and extensively used for Rheumatism, Frosted Feet, Aches, Pains, Sores, Stings, Swellings, Sprains, &c. It is of the greatest value in curing Cuts, Galls, Sprains and swellings in horses.
It acts quickly and surely. It at once smoothes and relieves the Stiff Joints, the Lame Muscles and the Aching Nerves. The money will be paid back to any one not satisfied with its effects. Price 25 cts. 5 bottles for $1.
Prepared only by Levi Oberholtzer, M. D.

The Phœnix Pectoral.
Has proved itself to be peculiarly adapted to old persons, consumptiveness and children. It breaks a cold. It stops a cough. It aids expectoration. It gives instant relief. It gives strength. It brings rest. It has made more cures than any other medicine. Thousands of the citizens of Eastern Pennsylvania have used it for years past and testify to the relief given and cures effected.
Price, 25 cents or 5 bottles for $1.
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GERMAN HORSE AND COW POWDER.
Keeps stock healthy and in good condition. It aids digestion and assimilation. It makes fat, muscle and milk. By using it a horse will do more work and a cow give more milk and be in better spirits and condition. It also keeps poultry healthy and increase the quantity of eggs. It is made by Dr. Levi Oberholtzer at his mills, backof 133 N. Third Street, Phila. It is sold by actual weight, at 15 cts. per pound, by J.W. SNOOK, Millheim, Pa.

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HOW TO GET THEM in the best part of the state. 6,000,000 acres for sale. For free copy of "Kansas Pacific Homestead," address Land Commissioner, Salina, Kansas.

OLD AND RELIABLE.
DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR is a Standard Family Remedy for diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.—It is Purely Vegetable.—It never Debilitates.—It is Cathartic and Tonic.
TRY IT
SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR
To Have Good Health, the Liver must be kept in healthy action; its unaction causes Bilious Attacks, Jaundice, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sourstomach, Headache, Sick Headache, Bowel Complaints, and other Disorders. The Liver is the seat of malarial diseases. The Liver Invigorator protects the system from Miasmatic Influences. It Purifies the Blood, Regulates the Bowels, Assists Digestion, and Strengthens the System. The Liver Invigorator has been used in my practice and by the public, for more than 35 years, with unprecedented results.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
S. T. W. SANFORD, M.D. 102 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY
ANY DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU ITS REPUTATION.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Div.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, June 29th, 1879, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL	leaves Philadelphia	11 55	p. m.
"	" Harrisburg	4 25	a. m.
"	" Williamsport	8 35	a. m.
"	" Jersey Shore	9 07	a. m.
"	" Lock Haven	9 40	a. m.
"	" Renovo	11 00	a. m.
"	arr. at Erie	7 35	p. m.
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves Philadelphia	8 30	a. m.
"	" Harrisburg	11 45	a. m.
"	arr. at Williamsport	2 35	p. m.
"	" Lock Haven	3 55	p. m.
"	" Renovo	5 25	p. m.
FAST LINE	leaves Philadelphia	11 45	a. m.
"	" Harrisburg	3 35	p. m.
"	arr. at Williamsport	7 25	p. m.
"	" Lock Haven	8 40	p. m.

EASTWARD.

PACIFIC EXP.	leaves Lock Haven	6 40	a. m.
"	" Jersey Shore	7 15	a. m.
"	" Williamsport	7 55	a. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	11 45	a. m.
"	" Philadelphia	3 15	p. m.
DAY EXPRESS	leaves Renovo	10 05	a. m.
"	" Lock Haven	11 20	a. m.
"	" Williamsport	12 10	p. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	4 10	p. m.
"	" Philadelphia	7 20	p. m.
ERIE MAIL	leaves Renovo	8 50	p. m.
"	" Lock Haven	10 00	p. m.
"	" Williamsport	11 20	p. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	3 00	a. m.
"	" Philadelphia	7 40	a. m.
FAST LINE	leaves Williamsport	12 35	a. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	3 55	a. m.
"	" Philadelphia	7 40	a. m.

Erie Mail West and Day Express East make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains from Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West and Fast Line West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Niagara Express West and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R. R.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express West and Day Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, General Sup't.

L. C. & S. C. RAIL ROAD.

WESTWARD.

LEAVE	1. A. M.	3. P. M.	5. P. M.
Montandon	7 00	2 00	6 20
Lewisburg Arrive	7 15	2 10	6 35
Lewisburg Leave	7 15	2 20	
Fair Ground	7 20	2 30	
Biehl	7 30	2 40	
Vicksburg	7 35	2 48	
Mifflinburg Arrive	7 50	3 05	
Mifflinburg Leave	7 50	3 15	
Millmont	8 10	3 35	
Laurelton	8 20	3 50	
Coburn	9 30		
Arrive at Spring Mills	10 00		

EASTWARD.

LEAVE	2. A. M.	4. A. M.	6. P. M.
Spring Mills		10 20	
Coburn		10 45	
Laurelton		11 55	4 05
Millmont		12 06	4 20
Mifflinburg Arrive		12 30	4 40
Mifflinburg Leave		12 30	4 50
Vicksburg		12 45	5 05
Biehl		12 52	5 13
Fair Ground		1 02	5 23
Lewisburg Arrive		1 10	5 30
Lewisburg Leave	6 35	1 20	5 45
Arr. at Montandon	8 50	1 30	6 00

Nos. 1 & 2 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail west on the Philadelphia & Erie Rail Road.

Nos. 3 & 4 with Day Express east and Niagara Express west.

Nos. 5 & 6 with Fast Line west.

An Omnibus will run between Lewisburg and Montandon, to convey passengers to and from Pacific Express east on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad.

The regular Railroad Tickets will be honored between these two points.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S
COMPOUND
Fluid Extract
BUCHU.
PHARMACEUTICAL.
A
SPECIFIC KEMEDY FOR ALL
DISEASES
of the
Bladder & Kidneys.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which
"Helmbold's Buchu"
DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
IS UNEQUALLED
By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in
Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Disease,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Compl'ts,
Female Complaints.

Headache, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S
BUCHU
Invigorates the Stomach,
and stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.
A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

Price $1 per Bottle,
Or Six bottles for $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.
"Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling.
Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to
H. T. HELMBOLD,
Druggist and Chemist
Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION!!
See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

SOLD
EVERYWHERE.

"My Darling's Blind."

A lady entered a car on the Oakwood road one day the past week leading a little girl, perhaps four years old. The mother sat down and litted the little one to the seat beside her. The child was nibbling at a bit of cake of sugar, now and then turning her face, full of childish love up to her mother, and murmuring some almost unintelligible words of affection.

Opposite to mother and child sat an other younger lady, who often smelled a fresh rose which she held. The innocent little one before her attracted her attention, and the natural kindness of the sympathetic woman heart prompted her to at once offer the fragrant flower to the little budding lilly opposite. So she leaned a bit forward and spoke:

"Baby want the posey?"

But the child seemed not to hear. Perhaps it was the noise of the moving car that prevented. Then she spoke a little louder and held the flower forward temptingly:

"Baby may have the posey."

The mother heard, for she looked toward the other lady and smiled—and O, such a look of heartfelt gratitude of motherly love, yet heavily saddened with such an expressive tinge of sorrow as is seldom seen. And still the lady of the rose pressed upon the little one acceptance of the flower.

"Baby, take the rose," holding it almost to the child's hands. And now it seemed she was heard, for the blue eyes turned full upon her would-be patron, and then in a moment she strangely drew back and turned her eyes appealingly toward her mother's face. The lady with the flower showed her bewilderment in her look, while a pained expression flitted across the face of the mother, who leaned forward and whispered just a word:

"My darling is blind!"

Then the whole sunless, darkened life of the fair little being—fair as the flower which had been offered to her—came up before the mind. All beauty shut out from her forever! For her no foliage-strewn, flower studded scene to follow the bleakness of winter. No looking with awe into the mysterious depths of the night sky, sparkling with glittering, twinkling star gems, for over those blue eyes the Creator, in the mystery of his designs, had hung the impenetrable vail. No expectant gaze toward the mother's face for the gentlest smile that ever soothes a childish trouble; only the blind passage of the little hand over and over those features, for one moment's sight of which that growing little one will often and often offer years of existance. For her the birds will sing, but the loveliness of form and feather are not. For her, while the babbling stream may make mysterious music, its dimpled waves and winding reaches and verdant banks do not exist.

How bitteriy vivid all this, as the lady opened the little hand and shut within it the thornless stem of the rose now bearing a tear on its petals!

And there were other swimming eyes in the car.

A Dog's Ruse.

The other day, I witnessed an amusing instance of canine sagacity worthy of commemoration in print. I was staying with friends who have a varied collection of dogs—a Blenheim spaniel and her five puppies, a fox terrier and two fine deer-hounds. This happy family are allowed to spend part of the day in the drawing room, providing they conform to certain rules as to boundary lines and an amicable agreement among themselves. The hearthrug is the favorite "coin of vantage" with them all. Zuna, the deer-hound, sauntered in one morning and found every approach to the fire blocked by the slumbering forms of her companions. She tried gently to scratch a passage for herself but was repelled by growls. So, apparently suffering extreme lowness of spirits, she retired to a distant corner of the room, but not to sleep. For ten minutes she crouched there, pondering silently, then, suddenly bounding up flew to the window and barked as if an invading army was in sight. Of course, every one, human and canine followed in mad haste. The hearthrug was left unoccupied, and Zuna quietly trotted round, stretched her huge form before the fire, and in an instant was snoring heavily, leaving us all staring out into vacancy, emphatically "sold!"

A Cool Husband.

There was one sensible man in this world. He was a soldier, and was reported to have been killed, but was only a prisoner. He returned home to find that his wife had turned over a new leaf in the marriage service, and that a new man occupied his place in the chimney corner. Did he go to slaughtering his wife and her husband? Not much. He walked in and said:

"Well, old gal, how's things?"

"Purty good, Bill," said the doubly married woman, not taken back greatly.

"Which do you prefer, the old or the new life?"

"I don't like to hurt your feelings, but—"

"Oh, spit it out. Don't mind my feelings nor the other fellow's. I won't be angry if you do come down a little bit rough on my vanity. Count on my being amiable. I won't cut up a bit rusty if you should go back on me."

"I am glad you are so thoughtful, Bill, and I acknowledge that I do like my present husband best, I know of no one else I would sooner join tortures with than you."

"That's the way to talk. I'll now bid you good bye, hoping that no accident will happen to the other fellow, and that he will live long to enjoy your delightful society. Good day."

And the careless husband traveled on with his knapsack on his back, whistling in cheery tones, "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Roasted coffee is said to be a powerful disinfectant.

AGRICULTURE.

Marketing Cattle.—Whatever time a lot of cattle may take to go to market, they should never be overdriven. There is great difference of management in this respect among drovers. Some like to proceed upon the road quietly, slowly, but surely, and to reach the market in a placid, cool state. Others, again, drive smartly along for some distance, and then rest to cool awhile, when the beasts will probably get chilled and have a staring coat when they reach their destination; while others like to enter the market with their beasts in an excited state, imagining that they then look gay; but distended nostrils, loose bowels, and reeking bodies are no recommendations to a purchaser. Good judges are shy of purchasing cattle in a heated state, because they do not know how long they may have been in it; and to cover any risk, will give at least five dollars a head below what they would have offered for them in a cool state. Some drovers have a habit of beating the lot with a stick while on the road. This is a censurable practice, as the flesh, where it is thumped, will bear a red mark after the animal has been slaughtered—the mark receiving the appropriate name of blood-burn, and the flesh thus affected will not take on salt, and is apt to putrefy. A touch upon the shank, or any tendonous part, when correction is necessary, is all that is required; but the voice, in most cases will answer as well. The flesh of overdriven cattle, when slaughtered, never becomes properly firm, and their tallow has a soft, melted appearance.

A few large oxen in one lot look best in a market on a position rather above the eye of the spectator. When a large lot is nearly alike in size and appearance, they look best and most level on a flat piece of ground. Very large fat oxen never look better than on the same level with the spectator. An ox, to look well should hold his head on a line with the body, with lively ears, clear eye, dewy nose, a well-licked hide, and should stand firmly on the ground on all his feet. These are all symptoms of high health and good condition. Whenever an ox shifts his standing from one foot to another, he is foot-sore, and has been driven far. Whenever his head hangs down and his eyes water he feels ill at ease inwardly. When his coat stares, he has been overheated some time, and has got a suosequent chill. All these latter symptoms will be much aggrevated in cattle that have been fed in a barn.

Feeding Dairy Cows.—A good butter cow ought not to eat less than from six to eight quarts of meal per day, but not clear corn meal. Bran is not worth much to make butter, but when mixed with corn meal gives health and thrift. The meal, fed alone, passes directly into the "third stomach" without remastication. The water the cow drinks may increase the quantity of milk, but it will not produce butter. Meal fed with hay, cut fine and wet down together, gives good returns. Do your cows drink ice water in the winter, and with rainbow backs stand shivering in the cruel blast of a fierce northeaster? They will burn the dollar that might convert failure into success, to keep themselves warm. Do you feed without racks in a muddy barnyard? Then the dollar that might make you successful, is daily trampled into the mud. Do you feed your cows nothing but hay and straw in winter, and keep them on a short pasture in summer? Then you neglect to put a dollar into the expense scale.

How to tell Horses' Age.—On the lower jaw, a colt sheds the two middle teeth within six months after the second year, and within six months after reaching the age of three years sheds one tooth on each side of these two new middle teeth, and at four years will have a full set of new teeth on front lower jaw. At five years there will be shells on the corner teeth; at six the two middle teeth will be smooth, and at eight years all the lower jaw teeth will be smooth. On the upper jaw, at nine years of age, the two middle teeth will be smooth; at ten, one tooth on either side of them will be smooth; at eleven, *all* smooth, above and below. At twelve, the corner teeth project; at thirteen, one tooth next them, and at fourteen all project, above and below. Beyond that all is guesswork.

Slack one peck of lime, and while hot and at the thickness of cream add a pint of linseed oil and a quarter pound of dissolved glue. Let it stand a half day before using. This, for interior walls, is far superior to simple lime and water. It is also first-rate for out-door work, though expensive. For buildings, fences, etc., slake clean, white, fresh lime under water; then add a pound of sulphate of zinc and a pound of salt to every peck of lime.

A few rubbing-posts set up in the pasture will save injury to the fences. Cattle will use these conveniences very often, if provided for them, and it is worth all the trouble to witness the enjoyment of the animals in the use of them.

Relics of "Stuart Cortez."

Among the Mexican relics collected by a Russian geneleman are two pieces of light armor, a breastplate and a helmet, found on that memorable battle-field on the shores of Lake Tezcuco, where, on August 12, 1521, the power of the Aztecs under Guatemozin was finally crushed by Cortez. The breastplate is made in two layers, and chased with a good deal of care. On a central band are armorial bearings, above which are two medallion heads. The rest of the ornamentation consists of birds, swords, clubs, poniards and helmets. The helmet, also chased, has brass rosettes just above the rim, and is pierced by a spear hole. A couple of blunderbuss pistols, ornamented with brass, were found in the same place. They have the cross and the lion and lillies of Castile, inlaid in gold, on the barrels, near the flint locks. Another smaller pistol, dating from the early part of the last century, has been polished and cleaned up. On the handle it is stated in Spanish that it is for the use of Don Francisco de Yrabia. Two old poniards have also been furbished up for use by the natives. The finer of the two is of the style of Charles V. A large and curious pair of old Spanish scissors, over two centuries old, have been cleaned and sharpened for the use of some Mexican housewife. There is a flint-lock brass pistol of the last century from Zacatecas, a long knife with a silver shank, which has a modern handle, and a pair of Spanish stirrups found at Tacubiaja

When the Bowels are Disordered,

No time should be lost in resorting to a suitable remedy. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the most reliable and widely esteemed medicine of its class. It removes the causes of constipation, or of undue relaxation of the intestines, which are usually indigestion or a misdirection of the bile. When it acts as a cathartic, it does not gripe and violently evacuate, but produces gradual and natural effects, very unlike those of a drastic purgative; and its power of assisting digestion nullifies those irritating conditions of the mucous membrane of the stomach and intestinal canal which produce first diarrhœa, and eventually dysentery, The medicine is, moreover, an agreeable one. and eminently pure and wholesome. Appetite and tranquil nightly slumber are both promoted by it.

DOMESTIC.

Broths for the Sick. — Pectoral Chicken Broth.—Cut up a young fowl into several pieces, put in a stew-pan with three pints of spring water, set on the stove to boil; skim well and add a little salt; take two tablespoonfuls of pearl barley, wash it in several waters, and rdd it to the broth, together with an ounce of marsh mellow roots cut into shreds, for the purpose of better extracting its healing properties. The broth should then boil one hour, and be passed through a napkin into a basin, to be kept ready for use. Here is a recipe for another good broth: Take three pounds of the scrag-end of a fresh neck of mutton, cut it into several pieces, wash them in cold water and put them into a stew-pan with two quarts of cold spring water; place the stew-pan on the fire to boil; skim well, and then add a couple of turnips cut into slices, a few branches of parsley, a sprig of green thyme and a little salt. When it has boiled gently by the side of the stove for an hour and a half, skim off the fat from the surface, and then let it be strained through a lawn sleeve into a basin, and kept until needed.

Delicate Cake.—Two small cupfuls of white sugar, half a cup of butter, one cup of milk, the whites of four eggs, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, and three and a half cups of sifted flour. Stir the sugar and butter together, add the milk, dissolve the soda in a little boiling water, beat the whites very stifflly and stir them in with a little of the flour, after mixing the cream tartar with it. Bake in thin cakes, and ice. If desired it can be flavored with grated lemon peel and the juice of a lemon added instead of the cream tartar, or with vanilla or ground mace.

Be Wise and Happy.—If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cure-alls, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—rely on it. See another column.

Delicious Milk Punch.—Take the thin parings of five or six oranges and lemons, and let them soak in a pint of brandy for three days; add the juice of as many oranges and lemons; then three pints of rum, three pints more of brandy, and six pints of water; grate one nutmeg into two quarts of milk, make it boiling hot, and then pour it into the liquor; keep stirring constantly; add two pounds of loaf sugar; let it stand twelve hours; strain it through a flannel bag two or three times, and pour it in glasses filled with ice.

Chamomile. — A decoction of the leaves of common chamomile will destroy every species of insect, and nothing contributes so much to the health of a garden as a number of chamomile plants dispersed through it. No greenhouse or hot house should ever be without it, in a green or dried state; either the stalks or flowers will answer. It is a singular fact that is a plant is drooping and apparently dying, in nine cases out of ten it will recover if you plant chamomile near it.

A nice stool can be made by taking a soap-box, or any small-sized box, from a grocery store; fix a lid by nailing pieces of leather on for hinges; fasten a piece in front to lift it up; then cover it with pieces of carpet tacked on with brass-headed nails; cut some pieces of old quilts to pad the top, then cover with carpet and trim around the lid with any old cast-off fringe. This also makes a convenient piece of furniture, useful for keeping shoes in, out of sight.

Orange Cake.—Mix two cups of sugar with the yolks of two eggs, then add the whites beaten to a stiff froth, next add a tablespoonful of butter, then one cup of milk, and flour to make as stiff as cup cake; flavor to taste; bake in jelly pans. Filling: one lemon, two oranges; grate the rinds and add the juice; one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, one cup of water; boil all until smooth; cool before putting between the cakes.

Savory Eggs.—Six or eight eggs boiled hard, and then cut in two; remove the yolks and grind them in a mortar quite smooth, with about a tablespoonful of anchovy sauce (more, if necessary), a little Cayenne, and a tablespoonful of cream, to make into a paste; pile the mixture roughly in the twelve half whites, which must have a piece the size of a sixpence cut off at the bottom to make them stand in the dish; garnish with parsley

If you have been drinking too much, which however you should never do, a dose of Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills will place you in good condition again.

Ham Toast.—This makes a delicious relish for breakfast or tea. Chop some ham very fine, then add a little mace, two or three teaspoonfuls of cream; mix all together with a very small proportion of flour, boil it for five minutes, have ready some buttered toast, cut in pieces, on which spread the ham very thickly scatter over it some bread crumbs, brown it before the fire, and serve hot.

Pigeon Pie.—Line the dish with steak, strew over it chopped parsley, and a very small quantity of onion or shallot; stuff the pigeons with parsley, the juice of a lemon, a small bit of the peel, butter, and a little flour; lay them on the steak, and cover them with a thin steak, small pieces of ham, chopped herbs and a couple of hard-boiled eggs in slices.

Chika Chilo.—Mince a pint basin full of undressed mutton, with a little fat. Cut up very fine two small onions and some lettuce, a pint of green peas, a teaspoonful of salt, some pepper, (to taste), four tablespoonfuls of water, two ounces of butter; put all into a stew-pan, closely covered, and simmer for two hours.

Warm Slaw.—Slice a head of cabbage fine, put it in a stewpan, with a little water and scald well; sprinkle salt, pepper, and sugar over it; then take two-thirds of a teacupful of vinegar, one-third of a teacupful of water, one egg, one-half teasdoonful of flour, well mixed together; pour it over the cabbage, and let it come to a boil, when it is ready for the table.

Asiatic Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, Colic, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and all Affections of the Bowels, incident to either children or adults, are cured at once by Dr. Ja ne's Carminative Balsam. It allays the irritation and calms the action of the stomach, and being pleasant to the taste, is an acceptable remedy to the youngest of the family.

HUMOROUS.

He Came from "Awange."—"Judge, I don't t'ink I war more'n an hour in dis city when de ossiter cotched me and fotched me tu de calaboose.

Thomas James Brown seemed very indignant when he addressed Justice Morgan in the Police Court.

"You were drunk last night, and lying down," said His Honor.

"Dat's so; but mogghn't he jes as well toted me down to de ferry and shipped me fo' Jarsey?"

"Do you belong in Jersey?"

"Yes, sah. I came from Awange las' night an' seed some friends, took a drink or two and, tinkin' I war behind de barn at Awange, laid down."

"You found out your mistake this morning?"

"Yes; oh, yes, I'se foun' dat out now."

"What will you do if I let you go?"

"I'se got to get outen dis place quicker'n lightnin' an' get back tu Awange, 'cause de boss don't know I'se gone an' dar's a heap o' work tu be done dar today."

"Well, 'git' for Orange, and don't come back again."

"Er I does I's gwine to keep stan'in' up ef I have tu die fo' it," and shouting a farewell to His Honor he dashed out.

They Were There.—There were just nine adults and a little girl on a street car recently, when a man rose up and said:

"I was intending to go off on my summer vacation to-day, but the tailor disappointed me on my clothes. All you gentlemen who were served the same trick will please stand up."

Every one of the other four men got up and gritted their teeth and sat down again.

"Now, then," continued the man, "all you ladies who intended to go today and have been basely deceived by your dressmakers will please raise your right hands."

Every lady raised her right hand on high and clasped her fingers as if she was pulling her dressmaker's hair. No one was left out but the little girl, and as the speaker declared the question unanimously adopted she rose up, made a curtsey and said:

"Please, sir, I was to go to my aunt's in the country, this morning, but pa couldn't borrow the money to pay my fare."

No Good Preaching.—No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See other column.

Went Up on the Cellar Door.—A farmer went to town to make a few purchases. It happened that he called at an establishment where an elevator is in use. In order to furnish the articles desired, it was necessary to go into an upper story and the salesman said to his customer: "Just get on; and we will go up." The startled granger looked around and said: "On where?" He was given the desired information, and they started up. The upward flight was evidently something new to the farmer, who attested his appreciation of it by remarking: "This beats all nation, don't it?" The salesman said he rather thought it did. In the meantime a son of the farmer became impatient, and came into the store-room below looking for him. The farmer, seeing his son, stepped to the hatchway and said: "You can't come up here son; I came up on the cellar door, and it's up here yet."

"Theodore," observed a solicitous young mother to her husband, "I think I will not let little Georgie attend Sunday school any more. I find the poor boy is quite feverish to-night, and his feet are all blistered." Upon hearing which Georgie inwardly groans, for next Sunday they were to meet for the last time to settle the number of quarter-miles walked, and he knows now that a chance for any share in the twenty-five cents gate-money is gone forever.

Any one desiring a recipe how to make soap for a cent a pound, will receive it gratis, by addressing I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, the manufacturers of the justly celebrated Dobbins' Electric Soap

A young lady writes to an exchange. "For my part, I prefer an evening passed at home with a pleasant book to attending balls, parties and theatres." Oh, certainly. When a young lady hasn't a beau, nor a new bonnet, nor a new walking costume, she generally prefers to pass the evening at home with a book—which she is too mad to read.

Boyhood is candid, and middle age, though it may think the same things, is reticent. "What part of the 'Burial of Sir John Moore' do you like best?" He was thoughtful for a moment, and then replied: "'Few and short were the prayers we said.'"

Miss Madeup Oldgal—"Yes, I love the old oak; it is associated with so many happy hours spent beneath its sheltering shade. It carries me back to my childhood, when—when——" Young Foodle—"When you planted it?"

"George has had a great many pullbacks in life," said the young wife to her lady friend. And when the friend said "Yes, I saw him with one yesterday," the young wife didn't know what she meant by it.

Large sales indicate the merits of all good articles. Druggists sell more of Dr. Bull's Syrup than of all other remedies for the cure of Baby Disorders.

Diminutive oleomargarinecup sounds more high-toned and pedantic than "Little Buttercup."

A riot prevailed at Cork, Ireland, recently. They "bate" each other to abate their wrath.

A warkant for a man's arrest is like an old coat, because it's sworn-out.

The Forgetfulness of People.

The Oxford Professor who, to avoid the wind when taking snuff, turned around, but forgot to turn back, and walked six miles into the country, was no more forgetful than those who still use the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, forgetting that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, are a positive and reliable cathartic, readily correcting all irregularities of the stomach, liver and bowels. Sold by druggists.

Can Piles be Cured

is the most important question to-day with suffering millions who, when looking at the long list of useless pile nostrums feel as the afflicted Bible Patriarch, like exclaiming: "I have heard many such things, miserable comforters are ye all, how long will ye vex my soul and break me in pieces with words?" It is not recorded that Job had piles, but he could not have had anything more painful, and the same question might have been asked then as since for three thousand years: *can piles be cured?* We believe that Dr. Silsbee has solved the problem, for nothing is more certain than that his "Anakesis," does *absolutely* and *promptly cure* the worst cases of piles. When half a million of afflicted assert positively that it *has cured them* and in 20 years *no one* has used the doctor's wonderful remedy without instant relief, and by following his simple instructions as to habit and diet were, benefitted and over 95 per cent cured, all arguments and theories of those who havn't used them, go for naught. Anakesis is now prescribed by physicians of all schools and has been pronounced as near infallible as is possible. It is easily applied, perfectly safe, instantly relieves pain, and ultimately cures the most inveterate cases. It has grandly solved the problem that Piles *can* be cured. Samples of "Anakesis" are sent free to all sufferers, on application to P. Neustaedter & Co, sole manufacturers of Anakesis, Box 3946 New York. Also sold by druggists everywhere. Price $1 per box.

If Troubled with Constipation, take *Hoofland's German Bitters.*

If You Would Enjoy Good Health Take *Hoofland's German Bitters.*

Physical Prime.

The fact that "Blower" Brown, who won the great six days' match in England by a score of 543 miles, and that Weston, who won it back from him by a score af 550 miles, were both forty years of age seem to show that for some efforts men reach their physical prime later than has been supposed. For athletics of some kinds a man is at his best under thirty, as in wrestling, swift short distance running, boxing, etc. But in long distance matches, which are trials rathar of endurence than of strength and dexterity, the men of over forty have left the young men far behind, and utterly broken down, while they come out fresh at the finish. Something analogous to this is found in trotting horses. Horses that run reach their prime at four or five years; the trotters often do their best work at the age of twelve or fourteen years. The reason may perhaps be in this, youth is more supple and flexible and its movements, therefore, less regular and systematic than those of maturity. The walk of a young man has not the machine-like regularity and precision that characterize the pace of a walker of long practice. There is consequently some loss of power. The suppleness that is necessary to enable the athlete to run at top of speed, is in his way when machine-like precison of pace is the great disideratum. The same remark applies to the trotting horse. The trot is usually an acquired gait, the result of long practice and training. The steadiness of stride that does not "break up" is of the utmost importance. But still the recent result of the pedestrian matches in England, which twice gave the victory to men over forty, when the men of twenty-five and thirty were utterly prostrated by fatigue, shows that with good care of ourselves we may keep our physical energies up to a later period of life than is ordinarily supposed. If a man is in his physical prime at forty, he ought not to be far down the hill at fifty.

If Your Liver is Disordered *Hoofland's German Bitters* will set it aright.

If You are Dyspeptic *Hoofland's German Bitters* will cure you.

A Mysterious Hand.

A curiosity which puzzles scientists is now on exhibition in Gould's cabinet at Mill City, Nev. It is a perfectly formed hand, which apparently belonged to a boy about fourteen years of age. The hand is open, the fingers being slightly bent toward the palm, on which the thumb rests. The back of the hand seems to have been crushed or decomposed before petrified, the palm, thumb and fingers are perfect. It was found at the sulphur beds near Rabbit Hole by one of the men employed in shoveling crude sulphur into the refining retort, and is supposed to have been imbedded in the sulphur bank for ages. The fingers are comparatively short, a fact which indicates that it did not belong to an Indian, as the red men's fingers are generally longer than those of the whites; but the thumb is rather longer than the average. To what race the owner of the hand belonged, and how and when it was imbedded in the sulphur wi probably ever remain unknown.

Hieskell's Tetter Ointment Will cure every form of Tetter.

For Pimples on the Face, use *Hieskell's Tetter Ointment.* It never fails to remove them.

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And the Purest and Best Medical Qualities of all other Bitters.
THEY CURE
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.
$1000 IN GOLD.
Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.
Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.
Hop Cough Cure is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask Children
The Hop Pad for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is superior to all others. Ask Druggists.
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Truly yours, (signed)
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WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.
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FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE,
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
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